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RELIGIOUS AND MILITARY LIFE IN THE DARK AGES.

THE influence of these forces during mediæval times was immense. Society was made up of barbarous nations and the corrupt remnant of the heathen world. Conquerors and the conquered had nothing in common but their vices and their ruins. How was a state of things higher and better than that which had gone before to be created out of this shapeless mass? What principle of life was strong enough to evoke from amid this chaos modern Europe, with all its variety of forces, its glory, and its influence over the rest of the world? Religious life, aided by military power, has brought about such a creation after all the misery and suffering which preceded its birth. Gradually gaining a hold upon society, and elevating its ideas as the tie became closer, religious life endowed it with new manners, a new social life, a set of institutions of which it knew nothing, and a character which raised it to a degree of moral grandeur which humanity had never yet attained.

Christianity civilized the barbarian hordes, and, as a natural consequence, unity of faith established a unity of peoples, before split up into hostile races—a result only arrived at formerly by annihilation of nations, the force of oppression, and the dominion of the sword. History has, in all its record, no grander spectacle than this—the steady and deep operation of this new principle of life infused into a society fast falling to decay. And success in remoulding and directing the world could only be obtained by first assimilating men as individuals, and that was done amid the excesses, violence, and disorders of a barbarism which, even after the lapse of centuries, would not allow itself to be crushed. To effect this religion called into use every means which society placed at its disposal or allowed it to use. The monastic orders were almost coeval with Christianity; for, from the earliest ages, many, like St. John the Baptist, sought refuge from the temptations of the world in the desert. The word monk, being derived from the Greek word μόνος (alone), shows this; while those who lived in communities were called cenobites, from the Greek words κοινός βιος (life in common). These men devoted themselves to prayer and fasting, to the

cultivation of the soil, building of bridges, dykes, and aqueducts, literally causing the wilderness to blossom as the rose, and rendering travel along the highways an undertaking something within the bounds of possibility, without loss of life or limb from their miserable condition. Those orders devoted to a contemplative life and study were the instruments by which the valuable manuscripts of antiquity were preserved—the transcription and preservation of the Sacred Scriptures being a holy charge with them. At this early period civilization was beyond all doubt in the hands of the ecclesiastics, both regular and secular. Public education, which the Church had established, and which was given in one or several episcopal schools in each diocese, under the direction of the archdeacon, was subject, like judicial proceedings, to the hierarchical regulations.

"Christianity was the greatest benefactor of the Middle Ages," says M. Benjamin Guérard, "and what is most striking in the revolutions which took place in these semi-barbarous times, is the action of the Church and of religion. The dogma of a common origin and destiny for all men was an unceasing argument for the emancipation of the people; it brought together men of all stations, and opened the way for modern civilization. Then, though they did not cease to oppress one another, they began to recognize the fact that they were all members of the same family, and were led through religious equality, up to civil and political equality; being brothers in the sight of God, they became equal before the law—the Christian became the citizen. This transformation took place gradually and slowly, inevitable by the continuous and simultaneous enfranchisement of men and of land. The slave whom paganism handed over to the Christian religion, passed first from a state of servitude to a state of bondage, from bondage he rose to mortmain, and from mortmain to liberty."

The influence of bishops in legislation was great, and always exercised for the preservation of Christian morality. In the great councils of the nations, and in royal councils, they more than once preserved national unity from being broken up. Gibbon says: "The French bishops constructed the French monarchy just as the bees construct the hive."

During these ages the Popes were waging a continual war against princes and emperors for their rights and the protection of the people. Particularly did they oppose the worst features of feudalism, and by the right of sanctuary, by allowing the monasteries and bishops to obtain feudal rights themselves, which they exercised nominally, waged an incessant war against tyranny. Plurality of benefices was an evil which grew up almost necessarily, but which was outlawed as soon as it assumed dangerous proportions. Priests were forbidden to follow the hounds, or to engage in any of the barbarous amusements of the times. One particular wrong which threatened the most serious evils to the Church was the usurpation of her domains by lay lords, princes, and kings; against this several provincial councils were held, and the battle was fought with determination on both sides. At the same time the Popes were incessant in their efforts to convert all the Christian peoples into one vast republic, and they attained their purpose in a great measure. This idea was a sublime one, but also natural from the profession of unity of doctrine required by all. As early as the twelfth century, Tertullian, in his Apologetica, says: "We remain strangers to your factions and to your parties. The republic of the human race is what we demand."

Such was the work of Christianity in the middle ages, of which it was the life and soul. To be thoroughly

understood it must be considered in itself, its inward life, its form of liturgy and worship, in its monasteries, clergy, and different institutions, for herein lay its means of action.

At first the military power placed itself at the service of the Church. Clovis brought France within her fold, baptized at Rheims, just when the barbarians who held the Roman Empire were becoming Arians. In after years the Church was, through Joan of Arc, instrumental in saving France, and restoring her to herself. But when we consider the condition of things as they absolutely existed, we find it to be full of evils. Military life among the Germans had produced feudalism, and with it a terrible anarchy. Royalty was powerless. Authority had not any centre, it was cut up and subdivided throughout the nation. Private and civil warfare became, by the mere force of things, legal for several centuries, and disorder, violence, oppression and tyranny followed as a matter of course. Military life, in all its manifestations, hampered and counteracted the beneficent influences of Christianity, and served as a last refuge of barbarism. The Church, however, managed to make the principle of feudalism exercise a moderating influence upon its very excesses by the creation of chivalry, the noblest military institution which the world has ever known. It represented the Christian form of the profession of arms. The first duty was "to defend in this world the weakness of the Church, of justice, and of right."

"Fais ce que dois, adoieque que peut
C'est commandé au chevalier,"

was one of the quaintly expressed ordinances of chivalry. It was in fact an armed force in the service of truth and justice, themselves defenceless. It was at the same time a bright example, the influence of which extended beyond the most brilliant of its exploits. Even this, however, was not sufficient to check the evil and insatiable desire for fighting. Under the powerful impulse of the Popes, the Crusaders served to utilize this warlike spirit, and acted as a diversion which saved Europe from the fury of its own inhabitants and from the dominion of the Koran. Internal discords were brought to an end; the Communes were enfranchised, feudal power decreased, and the royal influence gained in strength, diminishing again during the long crisis of the hundred years' war, and restored once more by Joan of Arc.

We have alluded above to the feudal power acquired by the ecclesiastical bodies. This power, vested in the abbots of monasteries and bishops and archbishops, had grown from the gifts lavished on them by kings and princes, and enabled them to exercise all the feudal rights. They became temporal lords, and were consequently forced to have vassals for military service, to keep up courts of justice and support a mint, thus uniting in the case of bishops who enjoyed the temporal rank of count, spiritual with political authority. Naturally, abuses grew out of this arrangement, and corruptions crept into the Church; but at first all worked well, and at the last there was less oppression from the ecclesiastical seigniors than from the lay. The veneration with which the bishops, etc., were surrounded, and the holiness of their lives, earned them the respect even of Attila and Genseric. They were intrusted with embassies, and they administered in the room of magistrates whose power had been crushed. Epiphanius, Bishop of Pavia, was sent to the Burgundian kings Gundibald and Godegesil to procure the release of a number of Italian prisoners, whom he brought back with him in triumph.

One of the noblest outgrowths of chivalry was the development of the religious military orders, viz., The Knights Templar, the Knights

of St. John of Jerusalem or Hospitallers, and the Teutonic Order of St. Mary at Jerusalem. There were others shorter lived, but these were the principal, and outlived the state of society which gave them birth, almost to the present time.

We have neither time nor space here to enter into a detailed account of the establishment of these orders. Suffice it to say that they were organized in obedience to that spirit of real Christian charity which actuated all civilization at that time. Nor were women behindhand with their efforts in the same direction. The Empress Helen, wife of Constantine Chlorus, and mother of Constantine, may be regarded as having most brilliantly inaugurated the era of Christian charity in the middle ages. Sharing in the honor paid to her must be mentioned Placida, and Pulcheria, wife and daughter of Theodosius; Emmilia, mother of St. Basilius, Macinvia, his aunt, and his sister of the same name; Anthusa, mother of St. John Chrysostom; Matilda of Scotland, wife of Malcolm I, and her daughter, St. Matilda, wife of Henry I of England, together with their imperial namesake of Germany, and that flower of holiness and charity, Elizabeth of Hungary.

Bishops turned missionaries and dispensers of alms. St. Paulinus, bishop of Nolo, who died in 431, aged eighty, had for forty years fed and clothed the poor of his diocese, ransomed captives, and allowed himself to be sold as a slave to the barbarians in order to rescue from their hands the son of a poor woman. It would be an endless task to mention all the glorious names of these servants of the poor, and we can find none more fitting with which to close the list than those of Philip of Neri, Jean de Dieu, and St. Vincent de Paul.

In the eighth and ninth centuries hospitals were established along the roads leading from France to Spain, Italy, and Germany, in which the poor and sick travellers of pilgrims were housed and fed, and oftentimes clothed, ere they were sent further on their journey.

An article upon this vast subject would not be complete without some notice of that *bête-noir* of Protestant imagination, the Inquisition. Disclaimers and explanations of, and apologies for it, have been written through all the centuries, unheeded and unbelieved. Like Galileo's "*è pur si muove*," it is too fruitful in subjects for cheap compassion, for schoolboy oratory, and as a means of exciting ill feeling against Catholics, in later years, to be dropped, or any explanation tending to exonerate the Church from blame to be accepted.

At all times and in all places, religion, which is the basis of society, has had to be protected and fostered in the public interest. This is why most men, especially those placed in authority, have always attached the highest importance to philosophical ideas and opinions, and still more to religious ideas. In fact, experience has shown only too plainly since the foundation of civilized states that a change of religious belief necessarily brings about a social transformation, and that a political revolution is but the putting into practice of a theory invented by a more or less hostile and mischievous philosophy; hence the establishment of the principle which ordains that human and divine law should alike be respected.

It would therefore be erroneous to regard the Inquisition as an exceptional and abnormal fact, peculiar to the middle ages. The search into religious creeds, for such is the meaning of the word *inquisition*, was not only a natural consequence of the existence of a form of religion, but an imperious function of government. All history bears witness to this fact.

It is consoling to find that, as a

general rule, even in the midst of the fiercest persecutions, there were men of lofty views and generous sentiments who did not hesitate to protest with undaunted courage against the tyranny and sanguinary excesses by means of which it was attempted to impose upon nations and upon individuals a religious conviction which ought to be the offspring of reason and should be the sole result of liberty of conscience.

The Inquisition, that is to say, the research of religious orthodoxy, existed among the Greeks. The accusation of Melitus against Socrates, compassing his death, says, "Socrates is guilty, because he does not recognize the gods of the republic, and puts demoniacal extravagances in their place." Socrates was condemned, but he had no sooner quaffed the poisoned cup than all moderate men felt that an indignity had been committed in the name of religion.

At Rome, as at Athens, there was no mercy shown to those who refused to adore the gods of the republic, no matter how irreproachable their lives as men and as citizens.

After the conversion of Constantine the religion of Christ was recognized as that of the State, and the secular arm at once placed itself at the service of the Church to uphold the unity of the faith; but the civil power, instead of limiting itself to seconding the ecclesiastical authority in the repression of offences against the dogma as laid down by the councils, sought to obtain a sovereign influence in all the trials, and hence arose great abuses.

The Italian Inquisition, under the immediate supervision of the Popes, was instituted in the fifth century. Pope St. Leo, after having ordered a judicial inquiry to be held concerning the Manicheans, who had taken refuge in Rome, said: "What has been done is not enough; the Inquisition must continue, not only as an inducement for the devout to hold fast by their faith, but in order that those who have been led astray may be converted from their errors." The primitive and real object of the Inquisition was to discover errors in doctrine, to stop them from being propagated, and to endeavor to enlighten and to win back those who had been perverted by the apostles of error. In the twelfth century Pope Lucius III, with a view of checking the progress of the Manicheans, who reappeared under the names of Catharists, Patarenes, and the Poor of Lyons, etc., ordered that the bishops should visit in their dioceses twice a year those districts suspected of heresy, and if those denounced did not abjure their heresies, they were to be dealt with according to canonical law. This was at the demand of the Emperor of Germany, and shows that religious error was looked upon as a breach of public order, and that princes regarded heretics as rebels and conspirators. The Inquisition in Rome was the earliest established, and outlasted the middle ages, and was the only one which never ordered capital punishments.

The Inquisition in France was rather a war against the rebel Raymond of Toulouse, than a religious persecution. This prince used the Albigenses as his tools, and encouraged them in their excesses against the Church; but when all France arose against him and it became a national question, the secular arm rendered the religious power unnecessary, and peace was established by the submission of the Count.

In Spain the Inquisition was royal rather than papal, and the gloomy grandeur of the central figure, Torquemada, has given it a romantic interest over and above that exerted in other countries. Ferdinand and Isabella regarded this tribunal as one purely political. During their reign a union of the Jews and Moors was feared against the Christians. The former formed a great portion of the

population, and held great wealth. They were deceitful in the extreme, pretending conversion to Christianity, in order to cloak their treason against the State. The Moors joined with them in their treason, urged on by the vain hope of securing and re-establishing their former kingdom of Granada.

Against such cunning foes, ordinary means of defence were powerless. The sovereigns therefore established the Holy Office, but the severity of its edicts met with reproof from Rome, and the Pope finally recalled his legate from the Spanish court. A reconciliation followed, and the tribunal was again legalized by a papal bull; but this act was regretted by Sixtus IV, when he heard of the renewed excesses. Criminals had the right of appeal to Rome, and in hardly one case was the sentence not revised and moderated, or reversed altogether. The Spanish sovereigns, finding this to be the case, used every effort to prevent the prisoners' appeals from reaching the papal throne. Finally Leo X excommunicated the inquisitors of Toledo. Protestant historians acknowledge the truth of these statements, which prove that the dreaded tribunal was far from being a cherished engine of torture, guarded and protected by the Church calling itself of God.

Looking to our own times, we see the Inquisition repeated in spirit if not in form, in this enlightened nineteenth century. Bismarck, it would seem, is emulating Torquemada, and if he does not go as far as the torture-chamber of that tribunal, it is only because the spirit of the age is against him; the will is not wanting. While schoolbooks and histories teem with sneers and lies regarding the barbarities of the Inquisitors and their minions, and the youthful mind of the rising generation is crammed with falsehoods, giving him utterly erroneous ideas of the beginnings of this civilization of which we boast so much to-day, the papers are silent upon the daily persecutions going on in Germany and Poland under the eyes of civilized Europe, and by the direction of a man alongside of whom, taking him at the most his enemies have described him, the Grand Inquisitor shines an angel of light. For Torquemada had the idea always before him that in what he did he was serving God and his Church; that his severity was necessary to eliminate the poison of paganism from the people. But Bismarck has no such excuse; he persecutes God's Church in the interests of the prince of this world—the spirit of infidelity and materialism, which is hurrying nations and peoples to their destruction.

No enlightened Catholic will deny that persecutions, bitter and cruel, were carried on by Churchmen, and in the name of the God of charity, but these instances were rare, and always condemned by the central power—Rome. Again, heresy often assumed the form of political rebellion, and was crushed by the secular arm with all the cruelty natural to those semi-civilized times. But here we ever find the Church on the side of pity, peace, and pardon; and, even in these bitter persecutions, the cruelties never approached in excess and deviltry those practiced against the Church when the state of things was reversed, and Luther's followers had forced themselves into place and power.

We read much of the wonderful height to which civilization has attained in this the present century, but if we examine strictly and honestly into the state of things, and compare without prejudice the mental and moral status of the world, in this and those so-called dark ages, the advantage as far as true Christianity is considered will be decidedly in favor of the latter. Then men served God in humbleness of heart. They fulfilled the great precept which is above all others, for

love of God they loved their neighbors as themselves. No one will pretend that they were *all* saints in those days, far from it, but sanctity of life was more common, and hypocrisy less successful in carrying its smooth face undetected.

But to read the modern schoolbook, or to listen to our modern teachers, in the pulpit and out of it, one would imagine that the term "dark" gave but a faint idea of the degradation of mind and manners in those far-off times; a condition which language fails to find words to describe, from the fall of the Roman empire until the light of the Reformation shone upon the world, and Luther came forth from his monastery, a perjurer and an adulterer, to teach the new doctrines which were to lead the peoples up through the road of every sensual gratification—of utter abandonment of all principles of right and justice—to the heaven of him who opened its gates by a life utterly at variance with these teachings—a life of self-abnegation and poverty, and a death so grand that the world still stands awestruck at its tragedy.

SAN BONIFAZIO.

THE UNKNOWN MARTYR WHOSE RELICS REPOSE UNDER THE HIGH ALTAR OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

CLEAR thro' the old church shadows the lamp of the altar glows,
The echo of feet departing is hushed in a deep repose;

And the smell of the fragrant incense still lingers, full of heaven,
To tell that the Benediction was here at twilight given.

Close to the altar railing, steeped in the odor sweet,
I feast mine eyes on the martyr who lies at his Master's feet:

The Roman soldier martyr, San Bonifazio,
Who gave his life for Jesus a thousand years ago.

A fair, recumbent figure, a lovely, blooming face,
Stretched on a couch of satin, in grave, reposeful grace,

The rich and shining raiment resplendent to be seen
Whene'er the lamp's soft lustre silvers the crystal screen.

Methinks the sparkling armor, the sleeping loveliness
Of that fair, silent figure, withal allure me less

Than the green of the sacred palm-branch where martyr fingers meet,
And the gleam of the glass ampulla beside the sandalled feet.

For unto the victor only belongs the victor's palm,
And after the fight the soldier may rest in slumber calm;

And dark and red on the vial, for centuries congealed,
I see the blood of the martyr most wondrously revealed.

I ask myself in the twilight, "O martyr head! at rest,
What were the thoughts and fancies that once thy brain possessed?

"What were the loves and likings, O heart of martyr mine!
That thrilled thy bounding pulses when life and love were thine?

"And wert thou young or aged? Wert prosperous or poor?
A neophyte in manhood? or in thy childhood pure?

"And hadst thou many kindred, a mother and a home,
When thy blest bones were gathered into the Catacomb?"

No answer to my queries: but from the wounded throat,
A thin, aerial whisper above me seems to float:

"The cycles melt, like vapor, before the Eternal Truth—
What matter want or riches? What matter age or youth?
What matter home or kindred, to him whom God sufficed?
Sole glory of the Christian—to live and die for Christ!"

AN OLD MAID'S MONOLOGUE.

A Christmas Story.

I.

It is Christmas eve, and by the light of the Yule log I have been sitting alone, idle, as far as outward employment goes, but busy, aye, very busy, with thoughts of "Auld Lang Syne." In my revery I went back to the days of my childhood, those hopeful, dreamful days, when "the world was all before me where to choose," and the path of life was to be so different, ah! so different, from that through which the Almighty has been pleased to lead me to the present hour. "*O gioventu prima vera della vita.*" But how seldom does the winter fulfil the promise of the spring.

Although thought engenders sadness to-night, I must not call my life an unhappy one—it would be ungrateful for my many blessings to say so. No; I am not unhappy. I have *learned to submit*, that hardest, bitterest of all lessons. I have taken up my hopes, my sweet, beautiful hopes, that made my life so lovely, and one by one I've laid them away forever. Over some I have shed sad tears. Over others? Ah! the agony was far too great for that relief; I only buried them the deeper. And I have grown used to seeing just such sweet hopes come to fruition for others; grown used to the knowledge that my *rôle* is to be *repression*. That the most natural and holiest longings of a woman's heart are to be hushed and smothered. That I must stand aside and see others gather in the golden fruit

which if I had held out a hand towards it would wither to ashes before my eyes. I have learned all that bitter lesson long ago. But, "as our burdens, so shall our strength be." Some compensation has been made to me, and, as I said before, my life has not been all unhappy.

And while I have been musing on this Christmas eve two letters have been brought to me, two letters which make me raise my heart to heaven in thankfulness for my darling's happiness, and carry me back to a Christmas eve many years ago.

Perhaps the story of what has happened between this Christmas eve and the one recalled by these two precious letters may not prove uninteresting if those who read will have patience with an old woman's garrulity and let me tell it my own way.

Five-and-forty years ago to-day, two young girls bade each other farewell after three years of close intimacy, such as is only seen in a boarding school. Five-and-forty years! Estelle Landry was twenty, I was eighteen. We had been dear friends and inseparable, but now she was going home to her father's sick, perhaps, dying bed, and I was to remain in our valley home, as we loved to call it, until the next June, when the world would open to me its wide arms also. We had laid many plans for those bright June days that were to close our school-life, but of course they were all at an end. Estelle would not return. And living so far apart, she in Louisiana and I in Ohio, it was not likely we would meet soon. So we spent the last hours of our companionship with our arms wrapped round each other, and shed many tears when the parting moment came. And in that last talk we made many promises, some that were never to be fulfilled, and others that were forgotten. But we each promised the other that sorrow and trouble, of whatever nature, would be the signal of our meeting; one would go to the other over all obstacles. A foolish promise it would have seemed had any one heard it, but it was not foolish to us, nor did it prove foolish in the end. We parted; the next June I left school and began life. I had heard from Estelle frequently since she left; her father died a few days after she reached home, and she and her mother still lived on the plantation. We corresponded for several years without meeting, and then Estelle's mother died, and two years afterwards she came North, a bride. I can never forget how proud and happy she was. They were going to Saratoga and Newport to spend the summer, and wanted me to go with them. But care and anxiety kept me at home. My mother had died in my childhood, and now my father's health seemed failing, and I could not think of leaving him, and he would not go away from home.

They stayed with me a week, and we renewed, if they needed renewing, our old love and our old promises. But I could not, somehow or other, like Estelle's husband. He was extremely handsome, but there was a hardness and coldness about him that would seem cruelty to a nature so warm and impulsive as hers. He was a seemingly perfect gentleman, and never forgot to perform all those *petits soins* that are so precious when coming from a loving heart through loving hands. But they were done in a mechanical sort of way that would have set me crazy. Estelle did not seem to miss anything in the manner of her husband. She would throw her arms around his neck and kiss him twenty times a day, and call him all sorts of pet names, and it all reminded me of a rock on the seashore with the waves throwing themselves against it.

They sailed from New York for home, and I didn't see them again. Five years, no, six years, passed, and I heard from Estelle in that time constantly, and her letters were full of Etienne and his perfections. At

length a baby-girl was born to her, and henceforth she wrote only of the growing charms and budding beauties of little Estelle Marie. Gradually, too, the letters grew full of sadness; there were no outbursts of pride in and love for her husband and baby; there was little about them but sad longings for rest from weariness and pain, and deep and bitter heartache spoke in every line. Not that she *said* anything that might lead me to think she was unhappy. It was the spirit of her letters that revealed it to me. After awhile they ceased altogether.

In these six years I had had my own troubles. My father died; and there was another death, too, but for which I would not have been as I am, and perhaps this story would not have been to be told. My father died and I was alone. We had lived in the country nearly all my life, and I still remained at the old homestead with the old servants. My life was a very quiet one. I took no part in society except as I was forced to, and I tried to do all the good in my power, but it was not much. For six months I had not heard from Estelle, and I was uneasy about her, and had made up my mind to write and inquire the reason of her silence, when all necessity for doing so was taken away.

It was Christmas eve, and I sat before the blazing wood-fire in my father's library, thinking of our parting fourteen years ago that day, and how many changes had gone on in and around me in that time, when the doorbell rang furiously. Presently, there was a noise in the hall, and I heard a voice say:

"I can find her."

Then the library door was opened, and the ghost of my poor Estelle stood there holding a little girl of four years by the hand. She staggered rather than walked into the room, and sank on the hearth-rug before the fire. I had risen, but my feet seemed rooted to the spot, and I could not move. She made me no formal greeting, nor did I give her a welcome in words. I only remember that we sat there on the rug clasped in each other's arms and cried, while the little girl stood by in mute amazement.

After awhile I understood what brought her. The story of suffering, and abuse, and dishonor, I will not repeat. She had borne everything as long as she could for her child's sake, but at last matters became so terrible that she could not in self-respect endure any longer.

She left her home while her husband was away, taking passage for New York, but to avoid being traced, left the vessel at Savannah, and made her way to me by rail. She did not know what power her husband had to claim her, neither did I, but I did not think much about anything except to make the poor thing comfortable.

I had often been despondent and sad, feeling as if every one had their appointed task but me—that upon me was laid the heaviest cross a mortal can bear, that of "waiting," of seeing others go on the road of life, assisting or assisted, while I plodded on with no one to lend a helping hand, few to say a cheering word—that I was outside of all natural and social interest. It was a miserable state of mind to fall into, and if I could feel so at thirty-two, what would be my state at forty? But now I had my task like the others, and indulged no longer in morbid fancies.

Weeks passed and no word came from Estelle's husband, and gradually the fear that had possessed me at first of seeing him walk in and demand her, wore off, and I did not tremble like an aspen leaf if a carriage made its appearance in the road or drove in at the gate.

The winter had been unusually severe, with heavy snowstorms that drifted in places six and eight feet deep, rendering the roads almost im-

passable, in consequence we were not much troubled with visitors, nor were we able to leave the house often, even to get to the little church about a mile off. This we felt, both of us, to be a great privation, for an hour before the Blessed Sacrament is such a rest from care and trouble! I often wonder how Protestants do without that tangible, sweet presence. Nor could my kind friend, Father O'Brien, get about much, until I sent him a pony, tough and hardy, which plowed through the drifts like a little locomotive.

Estelle, Petite, as we called her, and I were sworn friends. She was a gentle, delicate child, very like her mother, and she fancied me from the very first. So we had no trouble at all in cultivating into a warm and lasting love on both sides, a love which has endured for twenty years. But the passing days left their impress upon the frail frame of my poor friend, and she sank before spring into a consumptive state, and when that soft, beautiful season smiled upon the earth, we felt that she would never see another.

One day the balmy breath of the awakening vegetation wooed my poor friend out into the woods, and Petite went with her, but some household duty kept me at home. They had hardly disappeared through the back garden which bordered on the woods, when the door-bell rang, and I heard a man's voice asking for Miss Felton. In a moment I knew what had come—that what I had so dreaded was at hand. In the few moments I lingered before going into the parlor I debated mentally whether I should rush out and tell Estelle (for I could not trust any one to do it), or should I decline seeing him? The latter alternative, however, was not left to me, for he had not sent in his name, simply the message that "a gentleman wished to speak to me." In Estelle's nervous state I did not know what effect a sudden communication of such a nature might have upon her, and should I send to know the name of my visitor, and then refuse to see him, might he not return at a less propitious time, or suspect the truth from my refusal?

All this passed through my mind with lightning rapidity, and I decided to see him and get the interview over as quickly as possible. Breathing a heartfelt prayer that Estelle might not return until he had gone, I went into the parlor.

II.

He had changed much since I saw him last. He looked older than the time warranted, and there were strong marks of dissipation on his handsome features. As I entered the room he strode over to me, and without any other greeting, said,

"I am searching for my wife and child, and have come to you to discover their whereabouts."

"You will be disappointed sir," I replied. "I cannot help you in your search."

I spoke quite fiercely, for I was angry at his manner, and in that feeling lost my fear of him.

"You cannot or you *will* not?" he asked savagely.

"I *will not*, then, if you wish me to be more explicit. Had you come back humble and penitent for your sins against—"

He interrupted me with a coarse laugh.

"Humble and penitent! I like that! I tell you what, madam, I will have back my wife and child, cost what it may, and when I get her back, she shall feel the full consequences of her act."

He shook with passion, and I began to feel very nervous, thinking I heard Estelle's childish laughter, and yet afraid to listen for fear he would observe my divided attention, and divine what I was so anxious to conceal.

"I will not help you," was all I could say.

"She took good care to provide herself with funds before she left—you know that, I suppose?—she has some ten thousand dollars."

"I know that fortunately her property was all settled on herself," I replied.

"Yes, damn her! But I hold the plantation, and that she shall never have unless she comes back to me."

I rose from my seat and remained standing, but nothing could check the volley of abuse and profanity which he hurled from his lips, and for about ten minutes I was obliged to listen to it. At length he checked himself, and said more quietly:

"Again I ask if you know where she is—is she in this house?"

How my heart beat, and how thankful I was that he put the question in that form, though I fear I should have told a lie, pure and simple, to have saved Estelle from what I knew would kill her. However, I was saved the temptation, and answered quietly:

"No, she is not in this house, and I must request you to leave it."

"This is your Northern hospitality, is it?" he asked, with a sneer.

"No gentleman would have acted as you have done, sir. Therefore, I feel at perfect liberty to ask you to leave my house."

"And you refuse to tell me where I can find my wife?"

"I do, sir."

"Then take care, madam, or you will find your tongue by the aid of the law," and he actually shook his clenched fist in my face.

"I may find my tongue in that case in a way that will make you suffer; and now, sir, begone, or I will call my men servants and have you put out." I was fairly roused, and walked across the room to the bell-rope. He saw I was in earnest, and stood up.

"Very well, madam, you shall hear from me again."

Without further words he strode out of the house, and I saw him mount his horse and ride down the avenue, and disappear along the road at a fierce gallop.

Then I began to cry, and I believe I fainted, or came very near it, but I did not call any one, and was myself again when Estelle and her mother came back.

"Martha tells me you had a visitor," said my poor friend when she saw me.

"Yes," I replied as steadily as I could; "a man on business. He did not stay long."

She took no further notice of the matter, nor did I ever tell her who my visitor was. But it was long before I overcame my nervous dread of a repetition of the visit, and the old terror returned whenever I saw a carriage or horseman turn into the avenue.

The pleasant summer months passed, and little Estelle revelled in the freedom of the woods and lawn. She was a lovely, bright, joyous child, and her devotion to her mother was most touching; subduing her light step to a fairy footfall, and speaking almost in a whisper if she thought she needed quiet, then with wonderful and delicate intuition, seemed to know when her childish joy and gayety would soothe and please her. She only once or twice asked if they were going back to "papa," and when I asked her if she wanted to go to him, would draw back with a shrinking, and frightened look in her eyes, and cry, "No! no!"

But why linger over the next few months? The end came all too soon, and I was left with Petite only to love and care for. Her mother's last charge was, "Keep her from her father; for God's sake, keep her from him!" and I vowed to do it.

III.

My task of guardian was an easy

one. I watched, with gladness and delight, the development of my charge into as lovely a womanhood as God ever gave. It was like the enjoyment a perfect instrument is to a good musician—knowing that it was only necessary to touch the proper key to evoke the true note, neither a tone too high nor too low.

When Petite was about sixteen years old, I concluded to take her a trip through the Eastern States; her education, as far as school routine could educate, was perfected; it only remained to give the polish and finish of experience. We started by the lakes, intending to visit Saratoga, and then go up Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence.

In the same hotel with us at the Springs, my attention was called to an old man, so perfectly helpless—having to be moved about in a wheeled chair, his lower limbs and left arm being paralyzed. His face was withered and drawn, as if by a burn or scald, and his beard, which he wore full and heavy, was white as snow, as was his hair. He had a colored man in attendance, who seemed very attentive and kind, and whose task, I judged, was no sinecure, for those deep-set black eyes flashed fire sometimes and seemed never at rest, and I did not think he bore his enforced helplessness meekly.

One day Petite was standing on the porch when he was wheeled out to take the air, as was his custom. She was standing just opposite the door, and hearing the noise of the chair-wheels, turned suddenly and looked him in the face.

I was sitting not far from her, and saw him start and raise his right hand, trembling with a palsy of alarm, to his eyes.

"What is your name?" he asked, abruptly.

When she answered him simply, he beckoned her to him, and, laying his still trembling hand on her arm, scanned her face eagerly; then he pushed her away and shook his head, making a sign to the servant to go on, and in a few moments had disappeared among the trees.

During this scene my heart stood still. I understood it perfectly, though Estelle asked me wonderingly, "What the old gentleman could have meant?"

There was no answering chord in her heart, struck by the sight of those restless eyes and marred and drawn features. She had not the least idea that it was to that poor invalid, chained for the rest of his life to that garden-chair or his bed, that she owed her existence, and for the present I would not enlighten her. But my heart stood still. Was I to lose my darling after all these years of care and devotion, and just when she was doubly precious to me? My first idea was to rush to my room, pack our trunks, and run away by the next train. However, a little reflection made me decide to remain quietly and see what would be the result.

Since her childish question of "When are we going back to papa?" Estelle had never mentioned or alluded to her father, and as he was not a pleasant memory to me, I never recalled him to her mind; so I was really ignorant as to how far back her recollection went in regard to her early childhood. Certainly she had been perfectly happy with me, and my affection for her seemed to satisfy all her cravings for love, and therefore I had no reason to fear she missed her natural ties. Of course she always kept, and I encouraged, a tender recollection of her mother, but that her other parent could be anything to her I did not think possible.

Desirous of having the interview I anticipated over as soon as possible, I lingered on the porch, but he did not return. Growing impatient, I determined to follow him and have the matter settled at once.

I had had a task waiting for Es-

telle's willing fingers for several days, and as it was one that would keep her in her room for some hours, and I was anxious to have her out of the way for the present, I requested her to attend to it then. As soon as she had obeyed me with ready alacrity, I stepped off the porch and walked in the direction in which I had seen the chair disappear, and presently my heart leaped to my throat, for I saw the invalid approaching. He had not noticed me on the portico, so I walked quietly on, waiting the result of meeting me.

He saw me coming without any recognition, but as I drew nearer to him the blood mounted to his scarred cheeks, and his eyes gleamed, I thought, bitter hatred. I stood still and the colored man wheeled the chair close to where I was, not, however, intending to stop; but his master made an impatient sign to him, and he paused.

"I thought so!" he said, looking up at me. "I thought when I saw her that you were near; and where —where is *she?* You cannot deceive me now. If you are both here, she is not far off!"

"You forget we are not alone," I replied, glancing at the servant.

"Sam," he said, turning to the man, "wheel me a little to one side of the path and leave me; I have a small matter of business with this—this lady. Don't go far, but mind you go out of hearing, you black rascal!"

The man obeyed him, pushing the chair—whether intentionally or not, I don't know—near a bench. I seated myself on it with an outward composure I was far from feeling in my secret heart.

"Now!" he exclaimed, fiercely, "you are free to speak. Where is my wife?"

"In heaven!" I replied.

"Dead!" he started at my words. "Dead! or are you telling me a lie?"

"Your wife died eleven years ago this fall," I replied, taking no notice of his insulting words.

"And in your arms, I suppose," said he, sneeringly.

"Yes," I replied. "Thank heaven, in my arms! But before she died, she left for you her forgiveness."

"Ha, ha! she did, did she? but she left her child to you."

"Yes," said I, growing sick and faint, for it was coming now, I felt.

"Well, suppose I don't choose you to have her any longer; what will you say then?"

I made no answer, but looked at him with wide-open eyes. Whether what he saw in my face moved his heart (what was left of it), or whether he only asked the question to frighten me, I don't know, but he went on:

"Don't be uneasy; you may keep your precious charge. What would I do with a young lady on my hands?" and he laughed a miserable laugh. "No; don't be alarmed. I leave her with you for safety, for if I took her with me, I might kill her some day, out of the hate I bear her mother."

"Great heavens!" I cried, starting up.

"There, don't get excited. I mean what I say. You saw us in our honeymoon, that sweet milk-and-sugar time. You knew then I didn't care for her, and I saw that you knew it. I didn't care a straw for all the caresses she lavished on me—not all her love, for she did love me, could move me to care for her. I wanted money, and she had it; I married her for it, and found, when it was too late, that the law would not let me touch a penny! My feeling for her would never have changed from indifference to hate, could I have had my way; but I was checkmated, and hated her."

Carried away by his temper, his features worked convulsively and his eyes fairly flashed; he trembled in every limb of his poor stricken

body. For my part, I sat and gazed upon him in dumb amazement.

"Oh, you are shocked, I dare say!" he cried again, with a derisive laugh. "You look at the wreck I am, and you think it time to call in the parson and 'prepare my soul for eternity;' that's your cant, I know—but you can spare your pity, if you have any, and your shocked feelings you can put aside for a time when they will do some good. I'll have no mouthing over me, and God, if there is any—"

"Hush!" I cried, "for heaven's sake, hush! I cannot listen to such blasphemy." And I rose from the seat.

He had spoken so loud that the attention of several passers-by had been attracted, and I felt uneasy at being seen with him. But he pushed me back upon the bench with his right hand, and I was powerless to move.

"I'll let you go in a moment, but I want you to understand perfectly all the circumstances of the case. You have brought her up," making a motion towards the hotel, "to hate and despise me, of course. I have been held up to her in her childhood and youth as the type of all that is horrible and cruel. You need not deny it," he said, seeing I made a movement to speak, "because if you did I would not believe you. I know all your cant—every word of it. For that reason, and because she is like her mother, and I hate her, and might some day kill her for that hate, I leave her with you still; she is nothing to me. You don't ask me how I came to this state, and I shall not tell you. You don't ask what provision I will make for my child. My child! ha! ha! That I will tell you. I am rich; richer than you can guess; how I became so is another thing I will not tell you. But she shall never see a penny of it. I will leave it all to Sam first. Yes, leave it all to Sam, and he can come North and be a gentleman with it."

I sprang up, and before he could prevent it, moved out of reach of his arm, saying:

"For the gift you make me of your child I thank you; thank you more than words can tell. Your money I do not want—she shall not suffer for lack of that. But I cannot and will not stay here to listen to your horrible language. May God forgive you and open your eyes to your terrible state before it is too late."

I turned and left him, but I heard him call Sam and then chuckle to himself: "As if I would leave her with you if I wanted her myself."

I hurried back to the hotel and sought our room. Notwithstanding my effort to recover myself during the pause I made before opening the door, Estelle's eyes were too quicksighted, and she exclaimed, eagerly,

"What is the matter, Aunty? What has frightened you?"

"Nothing has frightened me, my darling," I replied, taking her in my arms and kissing her.

"Something has disturbed you, Aunty," she continued, looking into my face, and then she exclaimed, "Have you been talking to that man in the chair?"

I laughed and pushed her hair from her brow, and kissed her again, but my laugh faltered and my hand trembled, and she was not deceived.

"You have, Aunty—and he—he—Oh, Aunty! let us go away from here; he frightened me, and I don't want to meet him again."

Had memory and nature been at work, and had her heart divined who he was? I took her face between my hands and looked into her clear eyes. "You have nothing to fear from him, Estelle; you are only my child *now*—no one else has anything to do with you. But I

think we had better leave here to-night."

While we were packing there was a knock at the door, and Sam stood on the threshold.

"Beg pardon, Mistiss," he began, before I found courage to ask him what he wanted, "but I'd like to see de young Mistiss, if you and she hab no objections. I 'longed to Miss Estelle, you know, and hab carried de young Mistiss in my arms many a time when she was a piccaninny—so if you please, ladies, I'd jes like to look at her once and hold her hand for a minute if she pleases."

When he began, Estelle stood up with a frightened look at me, but as he continued she became reassured, and laying her delicate, fair hand in his dusky palm, said:

"You are Sam! Yes, I almost remember you from hearing mamma speak of you."

Tears sprang into the old man's eyes as he kissed the hand he held.

"God bress you, my chile—God bress you—I must go now, 'cause Massa Etyen get angry mighty quick. But I'se glad to see ye—I'se glad to see ye—I is, indeed. Good ebenin, ladies."

As he made his short bobbing bow, Estelle sprang to the bureau where her box of trinkets lay, and choosing a locket with her mother's likeness in it, slipped it into his hand. Then, when the door was shut, she gave way to a hearty fit of crying.

IV.

That summer trip was the turning-point of Estelle's life, for on our passing down the St. Lawrence, we met Mrs. Percival and her son Harry. An accident, so slight as my stumbling up the cabin stairs, and Harry's kindly assisting, led to our acquaintance, and we found upon comparing notes that we had many friends in Philadelphia. This made the pleasant voyage doubly pleasant. We parted with regret at New York, the Percivals to return home immediately, and we to continue our journey to Boston.

Two weeks after we also were in Philadelphia, and one day, walking up Chestnut Street, I had turned to speak to Petite, when I saw her face light up with delight as her eye rested on something in the crowd ahead. In a moment I saw Harry Percival approaching. An instant more he saw us, and throwing away his cigar, greeted us with equal pleasure.

We spent six weeks in Philadelphia, and left with the expectation of having a visit from the Percivals about Christmas time.

There was no engagement between the young people, but it was tacitly understood that all would be settled on that promised visit. So the first of November found us settled once more in the old house so full of memories. Estelle was as bright and gay as a bird, a song of gladness forever on her lips. Harry wrote frequently, bright and pleasant letters, only once one of them cast a shadow over my darling's face. In it he alluded to something that reminded him of "Jesuit jugglery." I thought he might have alluded to the subject in joke, and Estelle made some such remark in her answer; in reply he said only a few words, but they showed a prejudiced spirit towards the Church, and my heart sank within me. Still I hoped love for Petite would lead him to look with different eyes.

The week before Christmas brought the travellers, and Harry's greeting to Estelle was also his proposal. He claimed her as his own from the first moment. We had a merry Christmas, far merrier than the old house had witnessed for many a long year, and on the next evening our dear Father O'Brien paid us a visit, the first since the Percivals' arrival. No one could resist the *bonhomie* of the genial Irishman after being for a short time in his company, and

I could see that Harry was much pleased with him. After Father O'Brien left, Estelle and I left the room for something, and I heard Harry say to his mother: "What a pity so fine a man should be thrown away in the priesthood!" To my surprise, Mrs. Percival reproved him for his remark, and said quietly:

"No man is thrown away in the priesthood if he fulfils the duties of his station."

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Harry, who was walking up and down the floor, "have you been converted? Have I been having a Jesuit in disguise for my mother all this time?"

"No," said Mrs. Percival, "I am not converted yet, but it will require very little to make me a convert. You remember my visits to Eden Hall two summers ago with Mrs. Beresford? Well, I have been thinking of the change, and trying to make up my mind about it ever since. And," she continued, "I look upon the acquaintance we formed with Miss Felton and her niece as a decided interposition of Providence in my behalf."

Here I re-entered the parlor. I could not remain an eavesdropper any longer. But the next day Mrs. Percival renewed the subject with me, and the result was that on the feast of the Epiphany she was baptized by Father O'Brien in our little church. She would not let us tell Harry until the sacrament had been conferred; she knew she would have a stormy interview, and felt that she required some stronger support than her own mental force to help her through it. Harry was very angry. I do not know what passed between them, but when the interview was over he left the house hurriedly, and was gone several hours. I saw Estelle's face pale, and she bit her lips as she watched his hurried walk down the avenue. Poor child! she felt in that moment that her own fate was decided. If he could feel so deeply his mother's conversion, how would he submit to having a Catholic wife? So far the subject of religion had only been touched upon lightly between them, but she felt now that there must be something decided.

Accordingly, when he returned from his walk, she was awaiting him in the library. That interview was a longer one than that with his mother, and at the end of it he came to me looking very pale, but very resolute.

"Estelle and I are no longer engaged, Miss Felton. She thinks I cannot make her happy, and I—" Here his bravery gave out, and he leaned his head upon the mantelpiece, and one convulsive sob shook his frame. Then he raised his head, threw back the curl which would fall forward on his forehead, and looked at me, "and I—I have concurred in her decision."

"Harry," I said, "I am sorry for this. You are throwing away a pearl of great price, all for an ignorant prejudice. I know, your mother has told me, how deep your dislike of the Church is, but I know you are too intelligent to be willing to rest in such ignorance. My dear boy, I love you too dearly to give you up. I love my Estelle too dearly to be willing to see her made unhappy for life, because of such a piece of childish obstinacy."

"Really, Miss Felton," he began.

"Yes, I mean what I say. You are acting like an obstinate child. What do you know of the Church? How has she ever injured you? You knew from the first that Estelle was a Catholic. Why did you win her affections if you did not intend to marry a Catholic wife? Shame on you! To wreck that young girl's heart for your own selfish will! Go back to Estelle, and beg her pardon. Do you not see how deeply you have wronged her? How cowardly and contemptible your conduct has been?"

He looked at me in amazement, and turned on his heel without a

word and left the room. He did seek Estelle again, but she would not listen to him, telling him that as all was over between them, it was for the best; she could never make him happy, and she could never be happy with any one who made her religion a laughing-stock or a subject for sneers.

The next day Master Harry started for Philadelphia. But he was destined not to reach home so soon. Just beyond Pittsburg the train met with an accident, and Harry was one of the injured. Cresson was the nearest station, and as the hotel, the only comfortable house, was closed, he was carried to the top of the mountain to a settlement called Summit. Of course, Mrs. Percival hurried to him. His greatest injury was a blow on the back of the head, and fever, and necessarily delirium, followed. Through it all his cries for forgiveness from Estelle and his loving talk to her revealed the true state of his heart. At last the doctor told Mrs. Percival that nothing could save him but the presence of the "Estelle" he was always wanting. Of course we were there as fast as steam could take us, and of course the result was favorable. Estelle's presence charmed him back to life and health.

Then very humbly did he beg her forgiveness, and renew his vows of love with added promises that nothing on his part should stand in the way of her full enjoyment of her religion.

They were married in the spring, but after the country had been roused from Maine to Texas by the signal-gun of Sumter, consequently when Harry stood up to plight his troth to Estelle, he wore the glittering trappings of a captain of cavalry.

I was very lonesome after my darling had left me, and all the excitement was over. Estelle and her husband went to Philadelphia, with Mrs. Percival, and thence to Washington, where Harry's regiment was quartered, where she remained all through the summer. His regiment was very much cut up, as the phrase went, in the sad affair of Bull Run, but Harry himself escaped unhurt. That was his first fighting, and after that followed the long inaction while McClellan was forming his army. During that interval Harry received a staff appointment, which enabled him to settle at the capital. This made both his position and Estelle's more comfortable; and as soon as they were settled they wrote for me to join them. But I refused, thinking and believing that newly married people are best left to themselves at first.

My winter passed very quietly, only enlivened by the weekly letter from one or other of my children. At last the spring came, and the military world at Washington was on the move. Harry expected to be ordered away early in the month of April, and then I went to them to be with Estelle when her husband left her, to bring her home with me.

I was with them a month. Each week, indeed each day, Harry expected the "orders," which, however, did not come till May, and then he was obliged to go. We left the day after for our home, paying Mrs. Percival a visit of a few weeks before crossing the mountains.

Those who had fathers, husbands, brothers, or sons in the army, know how the summer was spent. From that time Harry's history was the history of the Army of the Potomac, for he was with it in all its battles. We heard from him as often as possible, but frequently only from newspaper accounts could we glean anything. The first anniversary of my dear child's wedding was a sad and anxious day, different far from the happiness with which she had anticipated it.

However, it was cheered in a measure by a letter from Harry, and several days after she received another from him, written on the day

itself, and full of tender anxiety and love.

But sorrow most crushing and severe was yet to come to try my child's spirit and render it purer and stronger. A battle, one of those fierce and seemingly useless struggles that desolated the Army of the Potomac, was fought, and Harry's name was among the missing.

How shall I describe Estelle's agony when day after day brought no further news? Mrs. Percival went to Washington and tried to get some more decided intelligence, but General H—'s report contained all. It said "Captain Harry Percival, Aide-de-camp, and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, having been sent through a cross-fire, which he breasted bravely to deliver an important order, was seen on his return to fall from his horse near a woods, which afterwards took fire, and when the battle was over no trace of him could be found; the woods where he fell were burned, and it is feared, if he did not fall into the hands of the rebels, that he was burned to death. Of the gallantry and devotion shown by this young officer too much cannot be said, and the service can ill afford to lose so brave and efficient a member."

But what a mocking of our woe those kindly words of praise seemed!

I trembled for the effect of the news on my child. The blow seemed to crush her completely. I tried all that human sympathy could do to comfort and console, and endeavored to lead her thoughts to God, the Comforter above all. But neither love nor religion could bring aught of relief to her stricken soul at first.

> "Oh, there is such a depth of woe
> In a young blighted spirit—manhood rears
> A haughty brow—and age has done with tears.
> But youth lies down to misery in amaze
> At the dark cloud o'ermantling its fresh days."

Mrs. Percival came out to us as soon as she felt it was useless to remain in Washington, and together we bore our grief as best we could.

In November a little messenger from heaven came to heal my darling's heart and teach her that she had other duties and ties for which she must lay aside her grief, arouse from her despair.

Our baby boy was a great comfort to us all, and received a far larger share of our love and blessings from the thought that he would never know a father's hand to guide and sustain him. "Baby fingers, waxen touches," wakened Estelle from the sad state into which she had fallen, and gradually she acknowledged how wrong her despairing grief had been. It was very touching to see the widow of twenty, with her baby in her arms, crooning over it with all a mother's fondness, rendered deeper by the feeling that it would never know a father's love.

For as the months passed, until more than a year was gone, and no tidings came from our lost one, we gradually made up our minds to submit to the inevitable, and ceased to hope against hope.

However, no household can be gloomy where a baby is; the young soul so late from heaven seems to bring a faint reflection of the delights it had known there, down upon the troubled earth, and while that reflection lasts all who come under its influence are raised for the time, some more, some less, above earth's sorrows. Though our hearts were sad and sore enough at times, we let no shadow from them fall on Master Harry's baby forehead.

And God is very merciful, if we will only trust in his mercy and have patience, knowing that "he doeth all things well." It was Christmas eve. I was sitting here in the afternoon, alone. Estelle was in her room, and baby with his nurse in the kitchen, where it was his supreme delight to be, when I heard the front door open, a shuffling along the hall, and presently the

library door opened, and as I looked up my heart stood still.

A figure, a man, ragged and tattered, with unkempt hair and beard, had entered and was staggering rather than walking toward me. He came near and held out both hands.

"Aunt Ellen, don't you know me? What of Estelle?"

It was Harry!

VI.

Fortunately the windows of Estelle's room did not overlook the entrance, so she had not seen the wanderer on his approach to the house. I smuggled him upstairs into my own room and locked him in (having administered a glass of brandy and water), to refresh himself and make himself a little more presentable. Then I went downstairs and wandered about the house till I thought he had had time to recover a little of his former looks before I broke the news to Estelle, for I knew that in two minutes she would comprehend me, and I did not want her to be shocked by the frightful appearance he had made to me.

At last I went up to Estelle's room. She was sewing and looked up with her usual sad smile of welcome, but a glance at my face told her something had happened. She sprang up and cried:

"What is it, Auntie—your face tells something."

"Yes, dear. Can you bear some very good news—can you—"

"Harry! You have heard from him? He is here!"

For her quick ear had heard my room door open and the familiar step across the hall. He opened the door, and stood on the threshold.

"Harry!"

She gave a convulsive cry and staggered a few steps, then would have fallen had I not caught her slight form in my arms.

He did not speak, but took her from my embrace to his own, and tears fell on her thin face as he clasped her to him.

I left them alone in their sacred joy.

Baby Harry now claimed my attention, and making the little rogue (whom I found seated on the kitchen floor, with an old tin pan, a piece of rope, a kitten, 'Snip' the terrier, and a tame chicken, for playthings and playfellows), as presentable as possible upon so short notice, I carried him in to see his father.

But the spoiled fellow would have nothing to say to him, keeping his face persistently turned over my shoulder. At length after repeated coaxing he turned and scanned the sunburnt, bearded features shyly but intently. Evidently the novelty of the beard was too great an attraction, and suddenly with a chuckling crow he plunged both baby fists into it, and Harry took him from me without resistance.

Then I dispatched Joe to town to send a telegram to Mrs. Percival, and busied myself with refreshment for the inner man.

Estelle having got out a suit of Harry's "citizen's clothes," he looked something like himself when they came down to the library. But the beard was there, and I could not get accustomed to it, and he was sunburnt and very thin.

Ah what a blissful Christmas was that! We gathered round the Yule log with true thanksgiving, and eat our Christmas turkey with merrier hearts than we ever dreamed to know again.

VII.

Mrs. Percival joined us as soon as he could, and the weeks flew rapidly by in our new-found happiness; but at last Harry said he must report for duty.

I have not given the story of Harry's prison life. It was the same as many others. He made his es-

cape into East Tennessee and led a wandering life among the mountains, at last making his way across Kentucky, and once over the Ohio he felt safe. He was obliged to purchase a pair of shoes at Steubenville, and this exhausted his supply of money, so he had literally to beg his way along, and to the patriotic hearts he met his story was not told in vain. He was in too great a hurry to get home to think much of his personal appearance, only stopping when actually obliged by physical exhaustion—hence, the frightfully outlandish guise in which he presented himself to me.

He reported by letter to the War Department, and in consideration of his imprisonment was assigned to duty in Cincinnati, and was allowed the rest he so much needed. The next winter was a happy one for Estelle, and I had the satisfaction of seeing my darling recover her health and spirits.

But a soldier's life is one of constant change, and after a few months of peace, rest, and happiness, Harry was again ordered to the field. This time it was to the "Army of the Tennessee," and he continued in the field until the sad battle of Chickamauga, where he was wounded and sent home. During his absence Estelle remained with me.

When he came up from Chickamauga he found his wound did not heal so quickly, and yielding to Estelle's entreaties, and feeling he could do so with honor, he sent in his resignation. It was not accepted, but a year's leave of absence was granted him.

It was but right that Mrs. Percival should have him during this respite, and they went to Philadelphia. The old house was sadly lonely afterwards. It missed the baby noise and glee. Little Harry had grown to be a smart boy, and baby Ellen (named for me) won all our hearts by her sweetness and beauty. They left me in January, after exacting a promise that I would join them next summer in their jaunt.

However, before Harry's leave of absence expired he was quite well again, and feeling that just then the country needed her sons more than ever for the last struggle, he did not wait the full term, but reported for duty, and was assigned once more to the army before Richmond. Naturally we were anxious about him, but no further trouble befell us, and that spring Richmond surrendered, and the war was actually at an end.

VIII.

Harry settled to the practice of law, which had been his profession before the war, in Philadelphia. I paid them one visit as soon as they were fixed, and have not seen them since. Life promised every happiness, and in the years that have passed those promises have been fulfilled. They write me that Harry is a most interesting child, that Ellen is as lovely and interesting as her babyhood promised. Baby Estelle I have not seen, but have been told over and over again of her many perfections.

Meanwhile I am growing gray, though "Time has laid his hand upon my head gently, not smiting it, but as a harper lays his open palm upon his harp to deaden its vibrations," and I thank God for the green old age with which he has blessed me.

But I spoke in the beginning of two letters the mail had just brought me. They were from Estelle and Harry, accompanying the Christmas box which has reached me on this night each year since I parted from them.

Estelle's letter is full of her home happiness, and breathes a spirit of joyful content and thanksgiving in every line. She tells me how Harry is improving, how lovely Ellen is, and what a darling I will find Estelle to be when I see her. Then

she writes of her husband, of his love and devotion, and what a true friend and counsellor he is—so steadfast and strong, a firm support, upon which she never leans in vain.

"You will read this, Aunty," she wrote, "I know, on Christmas eve. Do you remember the Christmas on which he was given back to me? And I need not remind you of the Christmas eve so many years ago, when a little girl and her mother dropped upon you (a queer Christmas gift), to involve you in their sad and troubled lives, but to love you, Aunty, oh, so dearly—dearly! Dear, dear Aunty, how can I ever thank you enough for all your devotion to me?"

And Harry thanks me for the sweet companion I have given him, and says he never can be too grateful to the Providence which induced him to urge his mother to that trip down the St. Lawrence. He tells me how loving and devoted, how kind and attentive Estelle is in every relation of wife and mother; what a heaven of rest and happiness his home is. And then the children! Never before was there such a specimen of manliness and nobility as their six-year-old boy. Ellen attracts the attention of every one by her peculiar style of beauty, and baby Estelle is the crowning glory of the house.

So the tears run down my withered cheek for very joy as I read those letters, and I long to clasp them all to my heart. Harry says they are coming out to spend next summer with me, and then he intends to find a good tenant for the farm, and carry me off, *nolens volens*, to make my home for the future with them.

Perhaps he is right, and I am getting too old to be here all alone. Margaret, my faithful old servant of many years, died some time ago, and Joe is getting very infirm. I have had to replace Margaret, but I cannot get used to strange faces about me. Joe's daughter, who is married in the neighborhood, wants him to come and live with her, so he will be well provided for.

Although I know my life will be a happy one with my darlings, a change at my years will be a great breaking up of old habits and ties. For that reason I feel sad about it, and go over the house deprecatingly, as though begging its pardon for deserting it in its old age. I was born within these old walls sixty-three years ago, and it seems, having lived here all my life, I ought to die within them. Perhaps I may; who knows the end?

But the Christmas log is all ablaze; my lamp is flickering low, for I have burned it longer than usual to-night, writing these pages, and the clock on the mantel points to the "wee, sma' hours." It is about the time when the great event took place, eighteen hundred and seventy-four years ago, that replaced the broken link between man and heaven, and caused the angels to sing, "Glory to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good-will."

With peace and good-will to all the world, I must bring this to a close, for now my love story is told, no one will care to hear any more from me, and people in general will feel no interest as to how my small candle flickers and goes out. Perhaps I ought to apologize for having said so much about myself, only I said in the beginning that I must tell my story my own way. I never heard of Estelle's father after the meeting at Saratoga. I know not whether his wealth was saved amid the wreck of so many Southern fortunes, whether Sam fell heir to it, or whether he had to wait till the war was over to come North and "play the gentleman." At any rate, no shadow from her father's evil heart ever fell on my darling's life, and once more praying for blessings on her head, I say,

"A merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

THE ANGELIC HOSTS.

"They are all ministering spirits, sent to minister for those who shall receive the inheritance of salvation."—*Heb.* 1 : 14.

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."—*Milton.*

A BLESSED provision of the Church has assigned a special season and form of devotion for the memorial and veneration of those supernal spirits who ever stand with uplifted hands and pleading voices between us and the awful omniscience of the Father Almighty. Cohorts of heaven! satellites of the Godhead! they veil their splendor, and humble their dignity, as soaring on rainbow pinions, they descend to the need of mortals, to aid in the conflicts that their vanquished enemies keep ever waging in the seething heart of man. Beloved companions and friends of the Triune Powers! how blest are we to have elicited their compassion, and to be the objects of their guardianship and ceaseless intercession. Every one associates an idea, more or less poetical, with those lovely beings "who sing, and singing in their glory move." Yet in these days of materialism but few realize the fulness of their mission, the proximity of their presence, or the eloquent melody of their *silent* voices, still less do they appreciate the need of their assistance, or realize the benign efforts these "Birds of God" are ever making in behalf of humanity.

From immemorial antiquity these ministering spirits have been endeared to men, and faith in their power has been incorporated in every creed that acknowledges a Supreme Deity. Scripture proves by innumerable examples that they, from the beginning, were assigned to the post of guardian, counsellor, and friend. Hence they appear in Jacob's vision to direct and advise; they guide the flight of Joseph from his brethren; smooth and accelerate the passage through the wilderness, and shield the young Tobias from every danger and disappointment. They impart strength under sacrifice to the anguish of Abraham; for consolation and deliverance they walk in the fiery furnace with the "three children;" sustain Daniel in the lion's den, and thousand of years thereafter, are breaking the shackles of St. Peter, to send him forth unharmed from the Mamertine prison, to preach those "glad tidings" that they had first heralded in songs of praise from the star-gemmed sky of Bethlehem. In these, as in numberless other instances which will be considered later, we constantly find that

"They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward."
—*Spenser.*

The belief in these preternatural beings is so closely interwoven with all our struggles of life and hopes of eternity, they present themselves in such varied forms, and occupy in Scripture so much consideration, that we desire now to revive in some degree the love and reverence that were bestowed in the ages of faith on these glorious sons of heaven, those ages when angels walked and spoke with men, but whose effulgent radiance and consoling voices now seem so far distant, lost in the greed and grasp of mammon, and drowned in the ceaseless roar of the world's siren voices. We propose then to consider this subject in its religious phases and teachings, in its historic developments, combined with its æsthetic significances and treatment.

In the old Rabbinical traditions the faith in and veneration of angels is considered almost synonymous with worship; whilst the Talmud

varies their occupations by poetically appointing by name and attribute angels who control the laws of life and death, who carry the prayers and desires of every human heart to the throne of God, who direct the course of the wind, who kindle and hold within bounds the element of fire. These are believed to

> "Chant only one hymn and expire; . . .
> As harp-strings are broken asunder
> By music they throb to express."

Under the Christian faith the government of the celestial planets and the direction of the elements were also assigned to the heavenly hierarchy; but science, that claims the right to stand unaided, has long since cut that golden link, while Protestantism, that hewed or burned every representation within reach of her destroying hand of those lovely ministrants to human weakness, strove also hard in her iconoclastic wrath to annihilate every vestige of faith and love in their divinely appointed embassy. Wordsworth deplores these sacrileges in England thus pathetically:

> "Angels and saints in every hamlet mourned!
> Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned,
> Let not your radiant shapes desert the land."

The Old Testament abounds in record and narrative connected with the angels. It elucidates their power, their position, and proves them to be regularly appointed as ambassadors of the Almighty; as attendants surrounding his throne; as messengers between heaven and earth; as judges in rewarding the good and punishing the wicked. In the form of men they visited and were entertained by Abraham (Gen. 18); gave warning to Lot; were moved by the cry of the young Ishmael to comfort Hagar (Gen. 21: 17); protected Judith in the camp of Holofernes (Judges 13: 25); foretold the birth of Sampson to his mother (Judges 13: 3), and patiently responded to the incredulity of Gideon in the miracle of the fleece (Judges 6). These (taken at random) and numberless other scriptural instances, which will appear as we proceed, must occur to all instructed Christians as corroboration of the ancient belief in their divine essence, their ubiquity, and their delegated powers. The teachings of our Saviour confirmed this faith of the old law; hence we find the doctrine fully emphasized in the New Testament, and embraced by the Apostles and the early fathers of the Church. In settling the theological points of this question and reducing to order the extravagant subtleties with which the ardent imaginations of the people had invested the nature and attributes of the angels, the primitive fathers defined the faith of the Church as it now exists, in one of the councils that was convened about the fourth century. Therein they classified the angelic host by dividing it into three hierarchies; these again into nine choirs, the typical numeral of three again being used to divide each choir. According to an early legend, this classification was made by Dionysius, the Areopagite, who, being an intimate friend of St. Paul, had heard from him some of the marvellous glories that had been revealed to him when rapt into the third heaven. To the dominations, thrones, and powers was assigned the post of councillors, governors, and ministers. The cherubim and seraphim are absorbed in perpetual love and adoration. The princedoms, archangels, and angels are the protectors, ministers, and guardians of the Church and humanity. According to the Greek, the term angel signifies a bringer of tidings; hence St. John the Baptist was thus styled by our Lord when he says, "Behold, I send my angel before thy face, who shall prepare the way before thee" (Matt. 11: 10). In this sense, also, our Lord is alluded to by Isaias when he says, "*And the angel of the presence saved*

them by his love, and in his mercy redeemed them" (43 : 9). The eighth chapter, also, of Revelations defines very explicitly the varied functions of the angelic host, as well as their love and interest in humanity. The question of sex has often been mooted, but it savors too much of the "earth, earthy," to be argued. The old masters frequently ignored the idea by representing the angels as clothed with plumage from the waist downward. Still, when assuming a human likeness they always appeared in the form of men; this fact has often been used as an argument to emphasize the inferiority of woman. Some one, hoping to wound the vanity of Madame de Stael, asked her to give a reason for this distinction in favor of the lords of creation. She promptly replied, "Because the union of power with purity constitutes all that we mortals can imagine of perfection." A beautiful solution, which all women will cheerfully indorse. We do not know whether the two-winged women seen by the prophet Zacharius were good or evil spirits. "*And there came out two women, and the wind was in their wings, and they had wings like the wings of a kite, and they lifted up the vessel between the earth and the heaven.*" As their mission, however, seems to be one of trust and deliverance, the sex may draw a happy inference therefrom.

The cherub, or infant angel, originated in the imaginations of the early artists. But as every religious subject in those ages of faith symbolized some heavenly truth or attribute, so these lovely conceptions are thought to have resulted from the idea conveyed by our Lord's command that we should become like little children, or to a literal interpretation of his words when, blessing these little ones, he said: "*Their angels do always behold the face of my father who is in heaven.*" "Such representations," says Mrs. Jameson, "when religiously and poetically treated as spirits of love, intelligence, and innocence, are of exquisite beauty, and have a significance which charms and elevates the fancy." One need only recall the exquisite infant creations of Raphael, Murillo, and Correggio to pardon any solecism that has resulted from this phase of artistic fancy.

The appendage of wings, which was bestowed by the earliest nations upon their mythical creations as symbols of power and celerity, make them specially apposite to the divine messengers who cleave the ambient air between heaven and earth. Among the antiquities and hieroglyphics of Baalbec, Nineveh, and Thebes, many nondescript figures have been discovered bearing wings, and these, also, are found numerously introduced in the earlier specimens of Grecian and Etruscan art. But in these mythical creations the rude hand of man is apparent, whereas in the grand delineations of scriptural instances, every sense is made to thrill as if the actual whirr of those angelic pinions had fanned the soul in passing with a breath of celestial air. "*And I heard the noise of their wings, as the noise of great waters*" (Ezek. 1). Nowhere is there a grander picture, clothed in the supernal splendor of celestial hues, than is presented in the tenth chapter of Daniel. When this being celestial perceives the terror that his dazzling presence produces upon the prophets, he assumes the sympathy and tenderness of a friend and brother. The imagery of this chapter, the vividness of the scene, the *vraisemblance* of the heavenly messenger fairly pierces the soul with its grandeur. We refer those who desire further descriptions of these heavenly messengers to the fifth, eighth, and ninth chapters of Daniel. From these and other scriptural pictures, combined with poetical fancies and symbolical accessories, the early artists drew their conceptions of those angelic beings whose

ideal beauty will forever attest the heavenly source from whence flowed those inspirations.

One of the main avocations of the heavenly band is the utterance of their bliss in hymns of prayer and praise. These "melodies divine" are associated with our most vivid ideas of heavenly beatitude. If the soul can be so deeply ravished and elevated by the musical harmonies of mortals, what must be the inspiring ecstasy of those choral chants, the blended harmonic tones of those "immortal harps and viols!" Color and tone were essential ingredients in the Italian artist's idea of perfect harmony; hence they have blended them in many exquisite illustrations, wherein they

> "With songs
> And choral symphonies, day without night,
> Circle his throne rejoicing."

"Sometimes they form a chorus round the glorified Saviour, when after his sorrow and sacrifice on earth, he takes his throne in heaven. Sometimes they stand or kneel before the Madonna and child, or sit upon the steps of her throne singing, with such sweet, earnest faces, or playing on thin golden lutes, or they bend in a choir from the opening heavens above, and welcome with triumph and songs the liberated soul of the saint or martyr."*

I cannot forbear to quote here a beautiful legend, as analogous to this subject, given by A. F. Rio in his splendid work on the *Poetry of Christian Art*. Speaking of *Simone Memmi*, one of the saintly artists of the early Sienna school, he says, "All was mystery and poetry in the life of this holy personage. In a vision which he had in his youth, an eagle appeared to him carrying in its beak a lighted torch, and saying to him, '*I come from Jerusalem to enlighten the nations.*' His life had been filled by the most marvellous adventures, and at his death (June, 1161) all the bells of the churches in Pisa tolled spontaneously. The Archbishop Villani, who had been stretched for two years on a sick-bed, was raised, entirely healed, to officiate at his funeral, and at the moment when the *Gloria in excelsis* was suppressed, as is used in the service for the dead, a choir of angels chanted it over the altar, while a spontaneous accompaniment burst from the organ, and such was the sweetness and harmony of this angelic concert, that the spectators imagined that the gates of heaven were opened to them. This legend has been transmitted from mouth to mouth, and from one generation to another, for more than two centuries, and is also found in a MS. which contains the lives of the saints of Pisa, preserved in the library of the convent of St. Catharine."

Varied and manifold as are the forms and functions of these heavenly ministrants in their intermediary vocation, in none are they so closely woven in our own lives as in their mission of guardian and friend. It was among the earliest teachings of the fathers of the Church that every one was placed under the guidance of an angelic being from the moment of birth to the hour of death. Whatever merit may lie in their obedience to this onerous charge, infinitely richer by far counts the heavenly charity that sanctifies so arduous, so thankless a mission. We shudder frequently at the depravity of our own hearts, much of which is hidden by our self-love, but to their pure, penetrating sense all is clearly revealed, and if pain could reach them, what mortal anguish would be theirs! From the cradle to the grave they guard faithfully their posts, and though as the vanguard of heaven they must often sigh as they look down from those battlemented heights upon the warring passions, the revolting crimes, the black ingratitude, and blasphemous infidelity that fairly darken its splendor, yet

* Sacred and Legendary Art, by Mrs. Jameson.

those who hold in trust the destiny of an immortal soul remain faithfully vigilant through all the sin and shame that result from the abuse of divine grace. "If the path of life be difficult and thorny, and evil spirits work us shame or woe, they sustain us, they bear the voice of our complaining, of our supplication, of our repentance, up to the foot of God's throne, and bring us back in return a pitying benediction to strengthen and to cheer. When passion and temptation strive for the mastery, they encourage us to resist; when we conquer, they crown us; when we falter and fail, they compassionate and grieve over us; when we are obstinate in polluting our own souls, and perverted not only in act but in will, they leave us, and woe to them that are so left! Wonderful is the fervor of their love, wonderful their meekness and patience, who endure from day to day the spectacle of the unveiled human heart, with all its miserable weakness and vanities, its inordinate desires and selfish purposes. Constant also to us in death, they contend against the power of darkness for the emancipated spirit, they even visit the suffering soul in purgatory, they keep alive in the tormented spirit faith and hope, and remind him that the term of expiation will end at last."*

It was in pursuance of this mission that at the cry of a longing soul they cleaved their native ether to carry the Blessed Sacrament to some holy one in the desert, as to Mary of Egypt. They recompense with crowns of celestial roses the sacrifice of human love and the virgin's vow of renunciation, as to St. Cecilia and her spouse. They bear through the starry heavens the incorruptible body of St. Catharine, the bride of Christ, to entomb her on Mount Sinai, and they cheer and comfort with flowers, dewy with the nepenthe of Paradise, the beautiful young vestal, Dorothea, as she awaits the agony that must be the price of the martyr's crown.

What exquisite and encouraging lessons are set as precious gems in these legends of old! They breathe the spirit that appeals to all the deeper sympathies and cravings of the soul. If not literally true, yet we know that they originated in facts, and not as the prosy skeptic asserts, in the brain of dreaming monks alone. True, this age ignores such nutritious mental aliment, once the consolation of the faithful Christian, the ethics of the philosopher, the strength of the soldier, and the inspiration of the poet. The mythical in religion, as in poetry, casts a bright *mirage* upon the turgid waters of life. Who would willingly relinquish his faith, or yield the elevated suggestions, the heroic lessons, that centre in King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table?

The impetuous Geraint, the gentle Percival, the chivalrous, though erring Launcelot, and the immaculate Galahad, crowned with the amaranth of the saints. We follow him with solemn awe as he pursues his search for the *Holy Grail*, and we tremble as upon his sight dawns the supernal vision of

> "A gentle sound, an awful light!
> Three angels bear the Holy Grail,
> With folded feet, in stoles of white,
> On sleeping wings they sail."

With intense interest we follow all these creations, in every incident by "flood and field," until at last, with quivering nerves, we actually hear the mystical summons, and see the dark, shrouded spectres that bear King Arthur, floating silently away over the waters of the silvery *Mere*, into the unknown, shadowy land of *Avallon*.

Rings there no echo of glory and triumph, even yet for us, from the rock-girt pass of Roncesval, as its sombre pines gleam in the sheen of the spears and helmets of Roland and his knights! Through the long

* Sacred and Legendary Art, by Mrs. Jameson.

lapse of centuries there yet swells to thrill the heart the wailing music of that mystic horn as it fills the mountain defile with its warning tone of defeat and death! The hectoring petty cares, the ceaseless anxieties, are forgotten under the influence of the melody, the *elan*, and the glorious incidents of such legends; even the keen edge of sorrow is dulled as these grand Titans of the chivalric ages march before us with lance in rest and visors raised.

So also to the soul that wearies of the bondage of earth, which craves a purer atmosphere and a higher standard, these primitive sacred legends, which picture triumph over suffering, heroism under conflict, and patient endurance under the weight of oppression, will retain forever the aureole of light that made them truly a "golden" beacon for the Christian soul, when emerging from the oppressive darkness of paganism, or writhing in the agony of the martyr's doom.

The next phase of our subject brings us to the choir of archangels: "*the seven angels which stand before God, to them were given seven trumpets*" (Rev. 8: 11, 6). These spirits, according to the Jewish creed, held supremacy over the other angelic hosts; this was signified by the termination of *El* attached to each of their names, which is equivalent to the term God. They are: *Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, Chamiel, Japhael, Zaakiel*, to each of whom distinct attributes and vocations were assigned. As Christian theology, however, does not embrace the Rabbinical creed, either as to names or distinctions, we will confine our attention to the first three, whose names are litanies in every Catholic life. Taking the evidence of Scripture and tradition, we find St. Michael as the bearer of the sword and scales, the insignia of the angel of conquest and of judgment; the angel Gabriel carries the warning trumpet of the resurrection, or is surrounded by lilies, lovely and appropriate type of the Incarnation; Raphael bears the pilgrim's staff and gourd of water, as guide and protector of the traveller as we see him in Tobit; while Uriel, who is less familiar to us, is represented with a roll-book, as the interpreter of judgments and prophecies; he was "*the angel that was sent unto me whose name was Uriel*" (Esdras 2: 4.) According to the Greek formula the first three combined represent the triple power, Military, Civil, and Religious, of the celestial hierarchy, St. Michael being habited as a warrior, Gabriel as a prince, and Raphael in the garb of a priest. It was natural to the spirit of those early chivalric ages, in which St. Michael became the great patron of Christendom, that he should be ideally invested in all the splendor of a prince, and panoplied in the star-gemmed armor of the warrior-paladin of heaven. The important positions assigned to him in Scripture, combined with the traditions that were transmitted from the Eastern to the Western Churches, were seized with avidity by poets and painters, and soon, like all beauty which emanates in truth, became rooted in the hearts of the people. To him, then, were assigned the following three important positions: "1. As captain of the heavenly host, and conqueror of the powers of hell. 2. As lord of souls, conductor and guardian of the spirits of the dead. 3. As patron saint and prince of the Church militant." (Mrs. Jameson.) Further, he was always regarded as the symbol of the perpetual antagonism that ever exists between the spirit of good and the spirit of evil.

St. Michael was believed to be the leader and guardian of the Hebrews when they were the chosen people of God. In almost every instance of miraculous succor, St. Michael was also held to be the angel sent to the rescue. It was he who comforted Hagar; who arrested the

arm of Abraham; who leads the Israelites through the wilderness; who combats with Lucifer for the body of Moses; who intercepts Balaam; and it is he who stands so grandly as "Captain of the Lord's hosts" before Joshua on the plains of Jericho. Indeed, the instances are so numerous of his connection with the interests of humanity, that it is impossible to refer to them all in so small a space. Naturally, then, his mission was transferred to the new order; hence his position in hagiology as guardian of the Church militant, and in theology as the eternal adversary of him who was hurled by the might of his invincible sword from heaven.

The first church on record that was dedicated to the Prince of Thrones and Dominations was built by Constantine, immediately after his conquest of Maxentius. This votive offering was probably due to the celebrated vision related by Nazarius "of an army of divine warriors, who seemed to fall from the sky. He marks their beauty, their spirit, their gigantic forms, the streams of light that gleamed from their celestial armor, their patience in suffering themselves to be heard as well as seen by mortals, and their declaration that they were sent, that they flew to the assistance of the great Constantine." (Gibbon, vol. 2d, Amer. edition, p. 265.) Of course the leader of the battalion was the Captain of the Lord's host.

Both the Eastern and Western records preserve many similar miraculous manifestations, that were confirmed by a "cloud of witnesses," both pagan and Christian. In Rome he had always been deeply venerated, and there still exists evidence of a church having been dedicated to his honor there a century anterior to the one referred to above. Owing to some special miraculous endowments, St. Michael was chosen as patron of the military orders of France, from the date of the Crusades, under the saintly King Louis IX.

But the character wherein St. Michael seems most resplendent and dear to humanity is as the combatant of the evil one, when the soul hovers over the brink of the dark valley, trembling with dread, uncertain whether in the long strife between the temptations of the flesh she will be found worthy of love or of hatred. "Then descends the angel of conquest, on luminous wings, to combat with the enemy who strives for the struggling soul. Tabernacle of the faithful! unction of the departing spirit! the flash of his victorious sword vanquishes the contending evil one, and upon wings effulgent with supernal splendor he bears the emancipated soul to the portal of heaven, where she receives the final decree of the Almighty Judge and beneficent Father. Defender and breastwork of Heaven! Armor and shield of the Almighty! Radiant emblem and primal exponent of the power of the spiritual over the sensuous! Warder of the Church of Christ! Bulwark against the powers of hell! We leave this divine similitude to follow the blessed angel of the Annunciation, as with lily in hand he bears the tidings of 'Hail! full of grace,' to the virgin Mother of Jesus."

Gabriel ranks as second of the three archangels who are missionaries between heaven and earth. It was this angel who, moved by the prayer of Daniel over the captivity of Jerusalem, was sent to comfort him (Dan. 9 : 21, 22, 23). He it was also who expounded the vision of the ram and the goat, and who calls for the assistance of St. Michael in his combat with the prince of the kingdom of Persia.*

* The following curious passage from one of the early fathers representing the good angels as opposed to each other, will best explain this passage of Scripture:

"After the confusion of tongues and the scattering of the people, which occurred on the building of the Tower of Babel, every separate nation had an angel to direct it. To Michael was given in charge the

The angel Gabriel is also considered the patron and advocate of those women whose hearts are void of maternal love. It was from him that Sarah received the promise of Isaac, and the "*man of God having the countenance of an angel*," who appeared to the mother of Sampson, foretelling his birth, was also Gabriel: "*And when the flame from the altar went up towards heaven, the angel of the Lord ascended also in the flame*" (Judges 13 : 20). But far more impressive and majestic does the angel of Annunciation appear when he reveals himself to the High Priest Zachary, to foretell the birth and mission of John the Baptist (Luke 1 : 10–20). This, however, was only the precedent to that loftier mystery, as John was the precursor, the voice of glad tidings, that nestled under the heart of the most "blessed among women." Of the three archangels, Gabriel was the most highly venerated in the East. This may be the reason why Mohammed selected him for his special teacher and guardian and appointed him as special director of Islamism. When Mohammed prohibited the representation of any living thing, in order to better enforce the edict, he declared *that the angels would never enter a house* where such effigies were kept.*

The world-wide belief in the ubiquity and vigilance of the guardian spirits is nowhere more beautifully and graphically exemplified than in the assumed personality of the angel Raphael, as illustrated in the book of Tobias. So familiarly does he assume the position of counsellor, guardian, and friend, so eloquent, so benign, so generous and affable is he throughout his intercourse with these human companions, that he has thereby deservedly earned the rank assigned him, as prince of all the guardian spirits.

Surely Tobias must have anticipated his own thrilling annunciation: "*For I am the angel Raphael, one of the seven spirits who stand before the Lord. . . . I seemed indeed to eat and to drink with you, but I use an invisible meat and drink which cannot be seen by men*" (Tobit 12 : 15, 19). He abandons his heavenly dignity with such ineffable grace, he manifests such interest and sympathy in all the petty cares of humanity, he fills the post of *compagnon du voyage* so genially, officiates as physician and agent so naturally, that he takes possession at once of every heart, as an angel indeed in all glorious attributes; one to be loved and reverenced, but never feared. We are not dazzled by the supernal splendor of "*his burning eyes, of his wings of amethyst, and his face of lightning*," but we feel that the familiar and lovely presence of a tender and faithful friend walks with us, to cheer, counsel, and guide into safety and happiness. We pity those who exclude this beautiful book from the canonical Scriptures; who only regard it "as an eloquent Hebrew romance or scripture legend," for it is rich in lessons of pure religion, of moral and domestic virtues, lessons that, even but allegorically considered, are both instructive and suggestive.

In this country we possess such a meagre collection of genuine religious art-work, that we are forced to depend mainly upon the descriptions of those who are thoroughly familiar with such productions. Among those connoisseurs who pre-eminently understand and appreciate the finest delineations of the renowned masters, stand Rio, Kugler, and Mrs. Jameson. We regret that space will

people of the Lord. The Hebrews being carried away captive into the land of Assyria, Daniel prayed that they might be permitted to return when the seventy years of captivity were over; but the angel of Persia opposed himself on this occasion to the angels Michael and Gabriel. He wished to retain the Jews in captivity because he was glad to have within the bounds of his jurisdiction a people who served the true God, and because he hoped that in time the captive Jews would convert to the truth the Assyrians and Persians committed to his care."—St. Ephrem, Bib. Orient., tom. 1, p. 78. Legendary Art, Mrs. Jameson.

* Life of Mohammed, Washington Irving.

not allow a transcript of some of their lofty and graphic revelations of those gems. Every phrase presented in Scripture and tradition connected with the angelic hosts these artists have embraced; combining these verities with the sublime inspirations of Dante, of Tasso, and other poets, they thus portrayed and symbolized their own idealizations of those effulgent beings. Not only is the imagination kindled and elevated by their marvellous delineations, but one's inmost soul seems to grasp the beatific vision of those radiant hosts who see God face to face.

The majority of the masters of the early Italian school were edifying and saintly in their lives, and there are many legends and traditions still held in sacred trust by their countrymen of instances wherein their souls, like the lips of the prophet of old, seemed touched with the fire of heaven. As a postulant preparing for his final, solemn vows, as a deacon lies prostrate in prayer throughout the long watches of the night before assuming the awful functions of the priesthood, as the dying soul trembles under the thought of the glory and majesty that will soon overwhelm him, thus did such men as Guido, Simone Memmi, Philippo Lippi, and Fra Angelico prepare themselves before illustrating some one of those grand religious truths, or attempting to portray in earthly tints and imagery the human beauty of our Saviour, the splendor of the angels, or the beatitude of saints. Religion combined with art formed for those men a bond of perfect unity and a mystical affinity, in which was centred all their interests, all their griefs, and their highest joys. For them, heaven was no distant unapproachable goal, but its lambent light illumined their labor of love, and its golden gates were standing forever ajar.

The piety of the early artists was also shared and perpetuated in the melodious chants of contemporary poets. We can only refer cursorily to Dante, whose uplifted vision embraced the entire heavenly host; to Tasso, whose sad heart was comforted in his lonely cell by them; to Petrarch, who mingled their seraphic beauty, even in his platonic dreams of Laura. Shakspeare paid homage to their glory and power as "ministers of grace;" Spenser sees their "golden pinions cleave the flitting skies like flying pursuivant;" and Milton doffs his Puritanical cloth as he chants in full harmonic tones the grandeur and majesty of these hierophants. "*Fit to decide the empire of great heaven.*" "Poetry which relates to the beings of another world," says Macaulay, "ought to be at once mysterious and picturesque." Dante is picturesque to the exclusion of all mystery. "His angels are all good men with wings;" yet according to his own *Paradiso* they are "fresh as the first breath of wind in a May morning, and fragrant as all its flowers." Milton is more ponderous and supernatural. "His angels have just enough in common with human nature to be intelligible to human beings, but exaggerated to gigantic dimensions and veiled in mysterious gloom." "To Milton, and to him alone, belonged the secrets of the great deep; the silent wilderness of verdure and fragrance where armed angels kept watch over the sleep of the first lovers; the portico of diamond, the sea of jasper, the sapphire pavement empurpled with celestial roses, and the infinite ranks of the cherubim blazing with adamant and gold."

Milton was undoubtedly indebted for many of his religious ideas and poetical inspirations of these irradiant beings to his residence in Rome and Florence. From Catholic Faith and her handmaid, Art, he drew the revelation of those heavenly idealizations which illuminate, like a glow-

ing Pharos, the colder strata of Puritan dogma. When other countries were but a wilderness of ignorance and barbaric turmoil, Italy shone supreme in literature and art, and also combined with this culture the highest commercial prosperity. But lest some partisan reader should think this an empty assertion, let them hear an impartial witness. Macaulay, in reviewing the status of nations from the fourteenth century, says: "The admiration of learning and genius became almost an idolatry among the people of Italy. . . . . To collect books and antiques, to found professorships, to patronize men of learning, became almost a universal fashion among the great. This spirit of literary research allied itself to that of commercial enterprise." He also proves that Italy was at the zenith of progress and fame when England and France had but wetted their lips at the Hyperion spring. He says: "From the oppressions of illiterate masters and the sufferings of a brutalized peasantry, it is delightful to turn to the opulent and enlightened States of Italy. . . . . With peculiar pleasure, every cultivated mind must repose on the fair, the happy, the glorious Florence; on the halls which rung with the mirth of Pulci, the cell where twinkled the midnight lamp of Politian, the statues on which the young eye of Michael Angelo rested with the frenzy of a kindred inspiration."*

But we wander from the blind bard and his radiant angelic images of humanity, who are clothed in the gorgeous, dazzling colors of the rainbow. Still it is difficult to associate these ethereal beings of our love, of our confidence, with those who are delineated by Milton as ever waging fierce and dire conflict with Satan; "rattling storms of arrows barbed with fire," or driving "chariots, and fiery, foaming steeds," as, panoplied in coat of mail, with shield and helmet, they trample the vaporous parapets of heaven or descend as avenging spirits to the earth. Yet Scripture proves that this is neither an exaggerated or fanciful description of either their attires or their occupations, for we find its realism in the magnificent and thrilling picture of the chastisement of Heliodorus. "*For there appeared to them a horse with a terrible rider upon him, adorned with a very rich covering, and he ran fiercely and struck Heliodorus with his forefeet, and he that sat upon him seemed to have armor of gold. Moreover, there appeared two other young men, beautiful and strong, bright and glorious, and in comely apparel*" (II Machabees, 3). One of Raphael's grandest productions illustrates this subject.

Referring to Milton recalls the singular analogy of his great poem to that of Cædmon, the poet cowherd, who sang his vision of the "Revolt of Satan and Paradise Lost," before Hilda, the great Abbess of Whitby, in the seventh century. "Is it not singular," says Montalembert, "that both this great epic and the Pilgrim's Progress of Bunyan (the latter in French) should have been written by Catholic devotees, ages before the same subject, treated in some parts with marvellous similarity, had inspired the brain and pen of the Protestant Englishmen?" In his *History of English Literature*, Henri Taine thus qualifies the blind poet's conception: "The Satan of Milton exists in that of Cædmon as a picture exists in a sketch."

But to return to our heavenly guests. Judging from the accusations applied by our Saviour to the wickedness of that generation, in the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew, it does not appear that men were specially sanctified then by the frequent presence on earth of those angelic visitants. Yet eyes that have beheld such a vision of loveliness,

* Miscellaneous Writings, *Machiavelli.*

hearts that have throbbed under such hallowed emotions, *ought to be* garrisoned against all temptations and all sin.

The universal impression now negatives the possibility of a renewal of such manifestations. Yet exceptional cases prove that God's mysteries never grow old or forsake us. This recalls an incident in the experience of a distinguished American artist, which was related by one who heard it from his own lips years ago in Florence. Let the reader construe it as he will.

He was lying awake one night, pondering the finishing strokes of a piece of sculpture, when he was startled by a soft, golden light pervading the room. Looking towards the door he saw the rays diffusing through the chinks and parting like unto a *nimbus*, such as glows round the head of our Lord. Unable to grasp any natural solution of so singular a phenomenon, he placed his hand upon his sleeping wife to awaken her, when at that moment there entered, as if through the panels, a winged being, robed in white, and effulgent with the golden rays that beamed like beacon lights from his hands and around his head. Breathless and motionless, his eyes were riveted upon the figure as it seemed to float across the room to the side of the crib wherein lay sleeping his infant child. Poised in space, the beautiful one bent for a few minutes over the babe, then, like a flash, was gone, and darkness once more settled upon the room.

We know that dying eyes have often become suddenly lustrous under such spiritual visions. "Look at that lovely dove!" exclaimed one, not long since, who had devoted the best part of her life to the service of God and his poor; and soon after, pointing to a vacant part of the room, she said, "Who are those beautiful people all dressed in white? Strange that I see these things so plainly and you can't." To a few chosen ones the eyes of the soul are thus sometimes opened, to cheer their journey through the dark and lonely valley.

The final pageant in which will appear these celestial cohorts will be when Gabriel's trumpet-note shall summon the world to the Valley of Jehosaphat. Then from the eternal citadels will they emerge in serried ranks and shining battalions. Not as when, star-gemmed, they chanted at Bethlehem; not as, with eyes dewy with nepenthe and faces veiled in "stoles of white," they gathered on Calvary, nor as with lustrous robes and countenances radiant with the glories of the Resurrection, they sat within the sepulchre; but in magnificent array, in dazzling splendor, in the beauty of eternal youth, led on by Michael's fiery sword, annealed in the "armory of God," they will come numberless as snowflakes and brilliant as meteors. Thrones and dominations, winged in green and crowned with a fiery aureole; powers and principalities, bearing the globe and the sceptre-crowned cross as distinctive attributes; cherubim and seraphim, gorgeous in dazzling wings of variegated hues; archangels and attendant guards—all will be there, to support and console the doubting yet hopeful penitents, to bear on bars of nebulous light the blessed ones to their hard-won immortal joys, and to hurl into abysmal darkness, with "forked lightnings of divine wrath," the great dragon and his angels, "whose combats with heaven and earth are thenceforth and forever ended."

THE OLD YEAR'S VINDICATION.

THE Year was ready to die;
He deemed that his work was done,
When he heard the world's upbraiding cry
Arise as the voice of one;
So he gathered his breath for a last reply
To all that are under the sun.

To the Rich he sternly said:
"False wailers, silent be!
I grudge not the fruit of hand or head,
But out of my gifts, give ye,
That so, when you come to the hour you dread,
You wail not in truth for me."

And thus to the Poor he spoke:
"I never have earned *your* hate;
When ye fell beneath the crushing stroke
Of a blind and ruthless Fate,
I bound up the heart which the Despot broke,
Though slowly, not all too late."

He said to a hopeless Lover:
"Chide not with me, poor soul,
For how could my circling flight discover
Thy fixed heart's flying goal?
And have I not saved a dove to hover
Where now the deep waters roll?"

To a Poet thus he said:
"Thy shaft of blame has erred;
I only promised thee daily bread,
And have I not kept my word?
As yet, thou art neither crazed nor dead,
Which is more than thy fears averred.

"Yet, because thou hast kept the faith
In good, though thy lot was ill,
And because thou hast mourned a brother's scath,
Though thine own was deeper still,
My spirit, prescient in dying, saith,
Mount high on the sacred hill."

In a whisper, he spoke once more,
While his life was ebbing fast:
"Soul, whom my wings has wafted o'er
Some billows of all the past,
I have brought thee nearer that tranquil shore,
Where we both must meet at last.

"Therefore, give earnest heed
To these latest words of mine,—
Vain for Labor to vanquish need,
Vain for Wisdom to scatter seed,
Vain for Valor to sweat and bleed,
Vain to live, and vain to die,
If He whose time is eternity,
Withhold the accord divine."

NORTH IN THE SNOW.

I ONCE spent Christmas in the Rob Roy country. It was perhaps an eccentric thing for one with no Scottish connections to do, but a certain little affair, with which I never intend to amuse the public, had inspired me with a romantic discontent; and in disgust with the heartless conventionalities of hyper-civilization, I thought of the little sawmill in the neighborhood of a Scottish loch, where I had lodged for part of two consecutive summers, while fishing, sketching, and making pedestrian excursions round about.

The MacBean family were not very much surprised by my proposition to come to them, for when I had spoken of the beauties of Switzerland for the purpose of piquing their national enthusiasm, which would allow of no scenery comparable to that of the land of cakes, they always ended with a challenge to come and see their streams and mountains in their winter dress, and I had often declared that I would do so "some day." So I received a letter, cordial but business-like, by return of post, to say that my old room was at my service; and went down at once, arriving on the third Tuesday in December, after a difficult journey, particularly as respected the last stage from Callander. But the driver told me I had no reason to grumble.

"Well, sir," said he, "I'm thinking that if the snaw had begun to fa' in airnest, ye might have been kep at Callander a fortnight or mair."

The place was hardly recognizable, the mountains looked so different in their white clothing; the stream was frozen, the clatter of the water-wheel silenced.

The family consisted of four persons: Allan MacBean, formerly piper in a Highland corps. His long white hair was like spun glass, his eyes were dim and generally fixed and vacant, and he could hardly rise from his chair without assistance. He seemed to be passing the last years of his life in a semi-somnolent condition, from which, however, he could rouse himself whenever he chose, and it was difficult to determine when he was or was not noticing what passed around him. Robert MacBean, his son, was a man in full vigor, hard-headed, enterprising. He had originated the sawmill, and worked it himself, assisted only by his son, James MacBean, a fine young fellow of about twenty-five; Mary MacBean, a buxom lass a little younger than her brother, and mistress of the house, her father having been for years a widower.

There was also a domestic, who was on perfectly equal terms with them all, Jenny, a brawny, red-haired girl, who was always singing, and felt uncomfortable in shoes and stockings; which latter articles, however, both Mary and herself were forever knitting when they had no important work on hand. They were all at tea when I arrived, and the greeting I got half thawed me at once.

"Grandfather!" said Mary, "here is the gentleman really come."

"I ken him, lass," the old man said presently, slowly raising his head, and shaking my proffered hand; "the Southern laddie that's sae great amang the trouts."

This was a standing joke; the elaborate paraphernalia, and especially the collection of town-made flies, with which I had opened my first fishing campaign, and the small proportionable result, had amused the skilful natives.

"Nay, and it's not fair, grandfather," expostulated Mary. "You may mind how reel weel he did last spring. He took a dozen trouties to a loss of only sax hooks."

Little traitress, to banter me under the pretence of taking my part! But I could be even with *her*, at any rate.

"Have you not got Jock Murchison with you?" I asked. Jock was six feet one of Highland shepherd, and the lover of Mary, who bustled off to the other end of the room on some convenient errand, pretending not to hear. "I knew he had to be out far on the mountains all the summer," I persisted, "but now in the winter, I thought he would be in the village; and I must say I expected to see him come in before this."

A smile expanded Robert MacBean's somewhat capacious mouth, as he said to his daughter, "What a' blushing about, lass? Sure it's a simple question. Jock has left this part," he continued, turning to me. "He had a good offer to be head shepherd to Colonel Campbell, beyond the Ben yonder, and closed with it. But he is to come and see us before next Sabbath, and stay over Christmas."

"Pleasant weather for a walk over the mountain; I should like to be his companion," said I.

"Pleasant enow if does na snaw," said James.

"Is the mountain ever impassable?"

"Weel, Jock would find his way as weel as most. He kens every foot of the way, Jock does. But when it snaws here, it snaws!"

Why did I not cry "absit omen?" On the following morning the snow thought it polite to give a stranger a taste of what it could do. I never saw it so dense; the air was darkened with the noiseless flocks, which filled it like a coarse-grained fog. In the afternoon I wanted to go out in it, and get a little air and exercise; but Robert MacBean persuaded me not, declaring that I might lose myself within a hundred yards of the house. That was on the Wednesday, and Thursday was just like it; but on that day James went to the village, which was some two miles distant, and I accompanied him, and so managed to stretch my legs and relieve the tedium of confinement; but the walk proved to me the truth of his father's remark, for I should never have found the way by myself, well as I thought I knew it; and even James had to stop every now and then and take bearings, to be sure that he was on the right track. When we got back Mary was standing in the porch, peering in the direction of the mountain.

"Never mind, Mary; it must clear before Saturday, surely," said I.

"I dinna care," replied she, turning on her heel; but if she spoke the truth, it was strange that she should have paused in her household avocations so often that day to gaze

out in the same direction, for she was a glutton for work; and also that the merry laugh which so constantly resounded from the back kitchen, where she and Jenny carried on cooking and cake-making, was stilled.

However, that night the thermometer fell; Friday morning was clear and bright, and when I came into the midday dinner after a long walk, I heard the two girls trolling out their favorite song; and very pretty music they made, let me tell you, in case your idea of old-fashioned songs should be tainted with the experience of a nasal twang. But unfortunately the glass rose again as rapidly as it had fallen, and about noon on Saturday a few flakes came floating down, and in a little while it was snowing again as thickly as before.

"Will Jock come this evening?" Mary asked her father at dinner, anxiety overpowering her bashfulness.

"Well," answered the cautious Scot, "a much depends upon the weather on the ither side."

I followed the two men out into the sawmill, where they found supplementary work to do during the frost, and put questions dictated by a certain amount of experience in Alpine regions, where to be overtaken by a snowstorm is sometimes a very serious matter. They had no idea of any cause for alarm; if Murchison found any difficulty in making his way he would go back again, or at any rate find shelter somewhere; the worst that could happen would be his non-arrival, and Mary's consequent disappointment.

So when night came, and no Jock Murchison, the little household was quite free from excitement and alarm. Even Mary seemed to have made up her mind that he could not come, and that probably he would arrive on the Monday, and conversation went on much as usual; and this you must not imagine to be in any degree like that of folks holding the same position in England. The MacBeans read much and thought more, and I do not believe that there is a cultured man in the realm who would not have found pleasure and profit in talking with them. The old man, indeed, no longer took part in the conversation; his mind seemed generally wandering in the past, and he would sit for hours without a word.

We were sitting round the fire after supper, the girls knitting, Robert MacBean, his son, and myself smoking our pipes over a night-cap of toddy, when suddenly I saw something come over old Allan, who faced me in the opposite chimney-corner. He grasped both the arms of his chair and sat up erect and stiff; his eyes dilated, and appeared to be fixed on some object over my shoulder with such intensity of gaze that I involuntarily glanced behind me; but there was nothing to be seen.

"I see him! I see him! Jock Murchison!" he said in a loud whisper, and continued his fixed look for full two minutes, and then gradually relaxed into a state of torpor. Most certainly I am not superstitious, but I confess that a most indescribable feeling of awe came over me; what the others, who firmly believed in second sight, experienced was evident in their faces. James sat still, pale and aghast. Mary, after a few terrified minutes, burst out sobbing; and her father soothed her, not by making light of the old man's vision, but by solemnly reminding her that her lover was in God's hands, and no harm could happen to him without His permission. Jenny went into hysterics, like a town-bred girl, and altogether I thought it best to retire. At breakfast next morning the whole party had recovered their composure, and it was difficult to say how far the scene of the night before still affected their minds; silent and

solemn enough were they, but that was usually their demeanor. It was a beautiful day, bright with sunshine and crisp with frost; and the others started for Mass, while I volunteered to take care of old Allan in their absence. It was a good four miles to the church, and the service was no short one, so you may imagine that I was startled when James MacBean rushed in, at the end of an hour.

"Murchison?" I involuntarily asked.

"Something must have happened to him," replied the young man. "We met Alec, one of Colonel Campbell's gillies, who had come over to see his mother, and he asked what for Jock was no' with us. He started twa hours before Alec."

A search had been at once decided upon, but as the route led back within a mile of the sawmill, James had come on at once for a rope, which he presently got, and started off again; and as the girls would be back presently, I went with him, not forgetting my whisky flask.

On the brow of the first and lowest of the pile of hills, which swell one above the other from the loch to the summit of the mountain, we found Robert MacBean and the gillie, a sinewy giant in Highland costume, waiting for us; then on we plodded in silence, the gillie leading the way back along the route he had taken the day before.

I have always been fond of mountain pedestrianism, but this was as tough a bit of walking as ever I had. On and on we toiled for hours, now sinking waist deep in a drift, now slipping back where the snow had been melted by the sun, and frozen again into a surface of ice, now stumbling over hidden boulders. What surprised me most was the confidence with which the Highlander pursued one path, for I expected that all the inhabitants of the villages round would have been called to turn out and search, and once, when he stopped awhile to take bearings, I made some such remark. "Naw, naw," he replied, "I ken weel where he will have gane wrang;" and then James explained to me that a stranger might be anywhere on the mountain, but that one so conversant with the ground as the man we were searching for, would have turned up by that morning if he had not wandered into one particular part. At about three o'clock in the afternoon, we turned the corner of a rock towards which we had been descending at a sharp incline, and the sudden caution to take care, uttered by the gillie, was not superfluous, for we were on the edge of one of the most treacherous precipices imaginable—a deep basin, into which a mountain stream, now ice-bound, was cutting a ravine, and the face of which was, on the side we stood, perfectly perpendicular. Its brink was masked by the soil, which, bound together and pushed forward by the roots of trees and shrubs, protruded over the sheer rock which formed the substratum, and beyond this dangerous lip, a coping of snow firm to the eye as marble, but hardly equal to the weight of a bird, formed a still more fatal snare. The sudden changes of temperature had fringed this coping with large icicles, and where the stream had been arrested in its plunge into the abyss, these were of enormous size, causing the glen to bear the appearance of a stalactite cavern laid open to the light of the sun. Probing the snow with our sticks, and clinging to the trees, we got close to the brink, and saw that the opposite face, which was crowned with a little clump of fir-trees, was less precipitous, the sides sloping at a sharp angle to the frozen pool at the bottom.

On a large flat slab of rock just above the ice, lay the figure of a man, extended on his back, one arm stretched out, and a shepherd's crook, the Highland alpenstock, lying near him.

"Is he alive?" I involuntarily cried.

Robert MacBean shook his head despondently.

"Nae; the auld mon *saw him!*" said he; "but we must use a' human means. How to get him puzzles me; it will tak an hour to gae round."

Alec settled this matter without hesitation; taking the rope from James, he made directly for a spot beneath which a tree had pushed its way laterally between the strata of the rock, and slipping down to this, he fastened one end to a bough, and dropped the other, which reached the ground. He slid to the bottom in a second, Robert MacBean followed him closely, then James. I was more clumsy and longer, so that by the time I joined the party they had examined and raised the body, which was that of Jock Murchison.

"He's got his right arm broken, but he's alive!" said Alec, and the news took all the fatigue out of one's limbs. There is nothing so exciting as saving a life, except, perhaps, taking one. It was a rare job to get him home, though the journey was one-third shorter than the way we had come, and all downhill fortunately; but, we managed it between the four of us, and then hot blankets, hot bottles, hot toddy resuscitated him.

The next morning a surgeon came and set his arm, and time and Mary's nursing completed his cure. But he was not on the safe side by Christmas, which was hardly a very merry day. It was thoughtless of Jock to recover, and so spoil a good, well-testified instance of second sight, but I cannot help that—accuracy is my foible!

FERNS FROM WATKINS GLEN.

EMERALD-TINTED, purely glowing,
In the cool depths of the dim glen growing;
Hid from the beam that scathes and burns;
Slender, trembling, delicate ferns,
How ye glad with your timid graces
Lonesome clefts in the rough rock places!

Shrink ye airily, bending lightly,
While the chill spray-showers gem ye brightly!
Do the gay butterflies bring ye stories
Of the far hilltops' sunny glories?
Or greetings blithesome and full of love
From sister ferns in the woods above?

Over the rock the wild brooks leap,
Brave vines cling to their foothold steep,
Bracing breath from the pine trees thrills us,
Weird and wondering gladness fills us,
While we gather ye, sweet ferns, purely glowing,
In the cool depths of the dim glen growing.

EUROPEAN TURKEY IN TIME OF PEACE.

PRESCINDING from either the merits or the immediate results of the struggle now being maintained with such desperate determination, it will be interesting to turn our attention repeatedly to the professed *casus belli*, the independence, namely, of the schismatic Christians under Turkish rule in Europe, and more particularly to the state of the different branches of the Slavonic race, before the comparatively recent rising of Herzegovina and Servia. Such a retrospect is all the more important as vitally affecting the question of the future territorial divisions and government of the debated country.

Our attention has of late been so concentrated on the tracts known as Bulgaria proper, and the Principality of Servia, along with Herzegovina and Montenegro, that our view and sympathies are both dwarfed within a range far narrower than the real limits of the people whose interests are at stake. In fact, our maps bear witness that from the Black Sea across the Continent to the northern shores of the Adriatic the whole country is nearly equally divided between the Servian and Bulgarian races, the coast line of the Ægean and the peninsular tongue of land which forms the kingdom of Greece being the main exception, while these fall really below the range of country indicated. Both Bulgarians and Servians are found within the borders of Albania, and one of the first questions demanding readjustment will be the claim of the inhabitants of the "Serb lands," or Stara Servia, to the independence of their fellow-Servians.

The Bulgarians outstretch on all sides "the Turkish Province of Bulgaria," and number more nearly six millions than the four millions usually assigned them. They anticipated the Servians in passing into Europe, and appeared south of the Danube about the beginning of the sixth century. After establishing themselves gradually and remaining subject to the old Roman Empire, they were joined in the seventh century by more warlike tribes of the same race as the Finns, who amalgamated with the Slavs, and both together, like a wave that has gathered fresh strength, uprose against Byzantium, overran the greater part of the peninsula, and commenced the dynasty of Bulgarian sovereigns. In time the Slavonic tribe of the Slovenes pushed across the country and settled between Trieste and Thessalonica, peopling Carinthia and part of Styria, and being the progenitors of the Slavonic Bulgarians. After these came the Servians from beyond the Carpathian Mountains, and from Russian territory, and passing the Danube at the invitation of the Emperor Heraclius, formed their settlement between the two distant points occupied by the Bulgarians. Those tribes which selected the north-western part of their new ground gave their name to Croatia, and came under the jurisdiction of Rome; the Serbs settled to the south and east of them, and became subject to Byzantium. These relative positions they have still retained, as they also still divide the country between them.

The question of Turkish rule is closely connected with another peculiar feature, little taken into account by most persons, the very sparse immigration of Turks themselves throughout the length and breadth of this wide extent of country. The Turk proper holds Turkey in Europe through the towns which Osmanli colonists occupy, as garrisons of the whole surrounding district. These central spots are only dotted about

here and there, and by their scattered appearance on the map, merely where their chief towns lie, prove at once how foreign and alien they are to the land which they have so long held within their grasp. In this, as in almost every particular, the struggle now recommenced for the independence of the Slavonic race in Europe finds its parallel in the causes of the Greek War of Independence, fought out within the present century. Yet the two histories must not be confounded with each other. From the general title of the "Eastern or Greek Church," it is often falsely concluded that the Christian Slavs form simply a dependent branch of the Greek Church, and this confusion has led to their being actually regarded as one and the same race. The Serbs of the Servian Principality, and the Greeks of free Greece acknowledge no foreign authority whatever, but have their own Metropolitans at Belgrade and Athens respectively, and it is one of the chief grievances of these Christians in Turkey that they are forced under the jurisdiction of the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople, and have Phanariote bishops placed over them. With the exception of this distinction, the other circumstances of time, of misrule at the hands of the same oppressive government, of a country made desolate and left desolate, both physically and morally, associate the Greek and the Servian cause as two distinct chapters of yet one and the same tragic history.

The Serbs have not, it is true, a tradition of art and literature upon which to feed their fond memories or bitter regrets, but they have deeds of valor, and a past history of power and empire to contrast with their modern degradation. In their Zupas, or "sunny lands," environed by protecting hills, the Serbs had once lived in various petty democratic states.

Just within Albania and close to the Adriatic stood the Lake of Scutari, and amongst other bright flowing rivers, the Zeta or Zenta ran from the high mountains of Servian Montenegro through fertile plains into the lake, and thence to the sea. On the northern shore of the lake the Romans had founded Dioclea, and this town a powerful Zupan of the hardy southern Slavs seized and made his capital. Thence he extended his rule inward, and had his captains by sea and land, and became a king. Within very few generations came one whose name is especially loved and venerated. Nemania made his rule generally acknowledged, and in 1161 reigned as grand Zupan of all the Serbs. Not content with this ascendency, he passed still further into modern Albania, till he reached Bulgaria, and aimed at sovereignty from the Adriatic to the Danube. On his death his son Stephen was actually crowned as king, and obtained full recognition of his rank both from the Pope and from the Greek Emperor.

Till 1367 his dynasty lasted, and its members intermarried with the daughters of the royal lines of Byzantium and France and of the merchant princes of Venice. Then civilization flowed into the country, arts and sciences began to flourish, and Western influence and commerce founded large centres of traffic, roads were made, bridges built, and quarters provided for visitors to the several marts.

Stephen Dushan took the title of Emperor and issued a code of laws, and under him an aristocracy rose up that sprang from official rank and added also to the warlike strength of the nation. As the would-be leaders of the Greek struggle for independence formed in their day ambitious dreams of a revived Greek Empire, so may some Servian prince be moved by the past history of his own race to aspire after a widespread autonomy; for Stephen Dushan, the founder of its former greatness, as he saw the Ottoman drawing daily nearer

to Europe, and the Greek Empire growing each day more feeble, conceived the plan of seizing Constantinople, and placing on his own head the double crown of Empire. What a bitter sequel to this proud wish has been the actual history of his race! Greek and Moslem combined were too strong for him, and the modern Slav has not inherited much love for either the one or the other. On his march towards Constantinople, Czar Dushan was seized with fever and died at a place called Devoli, in 1355, when only fifty years of age. He handed down a crown without the power to guide the head or strengthen the hand of him who was to wear it. The weak-minded son of Dushan fell a victim to his uncle's love of rule, and when the detected murderer was himself slain in vengeance, Lazar the Sirmium, the youngest and best of Dushan's favorites, connected through his wife with the royal line, was chosen Czar.

Obliged, at first, to purchase an interval of peace by treaty, he watched for the earliest opportunity of throwing off the yoke. Albanians, Bosnians, Bulgarians, Hungary itself, all were on his side; he resolved, therefore, to strike one great and, if possible, decisive blow against the Turk, to win or lose all at once. The alternative in this heroic devotedness was against him, and the disastrous defeat of Kossovo left behind it only his memory, to be immortalized in Servian history as of a martyr and a saint. The battle-field of Kossova was a large plain in the district of Stara Servia, situated amongst mountains, at the very door of Servia, Bosnia, and Albania, and before the Turks appeared it was cultivated, and peopled with villages, and well supplied with roads and bridges.

Czar Lazar had two sons-in-law, Vuk Brankovic, best born of the nobles, but jealous and passionate, and Milosh Obilic, a brave and noble-hearted warrior. Between these a quarrel arose which could be settled only by trial of arms. Milosh gained the advantage in this, yet generously offered to make friends. The sullen Brankovic was only all the more exasperated. It is said that, before the battle, the Sultan Amurath had offered the crown of Servia to any one who would assist him to overthrow the Czar; and Vuk Brankovic, himself by no means above suspicion, sought to undermine the credit of his rival by accusing him of listening to these overtures. As they sat at supper the Czar drank to Milosh in presence of the assembled voivodes, publicly accusing him of intended treachery, that he might as publicly clear himself if possible. His response was prompt and outspoken, yet full of deference and devotion. But on the morrow Milosh was nowhere to be found. It is the Turkish historian who relates that while the terrible Bajazet, the son of Amurath, was carrying all before him in his father's presence, Milosh rose as an avenger from the midst of the slain, pierced through the Sultan's body guard, and, pretending that he had some secret to communicate, seized his foot, then dragged him to the ground, and plunged a dagger into his body. Turning to fly, he forced his way three times successfully through the crowds that immediately assailed him, and had almost reached the river's bank and regained his steed, when he was at length surrounded and cut down. The hand which had slain an Ottoman Sultan was long preserved at the tomb of Amurath, near Broussa; yet still more carefully were the love and fame of Milosh cherished by his own people, embalmed in chronicle and song.

Not only has the Serb a prosperous and heroic ancestry to look back upon, but the memories of the past are ever before his eyes in the ruins of former towns, castles and churches; his proverbs breathe forth the spirit of determination to regain

some day what has been lost, his heart sighs after the history of what his race once was, and years of domination fail to reconcile him to the present. Serbs when quarrelling can still be silenced by the remonstrance, "What, will ye strive among yourselves, like your fathers before the battle of Kossovo?" and pleasant thoughts can be darkened by the pathetic complaint, "Aye, but it is time we Servians should gather in our wood from the field of Kossovo."

Notwithstanding the bitterness of their regrets and the constant nursing of resolutions and visions for the future, nearly five centuries of Turkish misrule have worked all the evil in the spirit and energy of the people that they did in the character of the Greek. And no wonder. The same fair promises were made at first, and afterwards were all treacherously violated, for it was never meant that they should be kept. The policy was not one of extermination, nor of a simply savage repression; but the unchanging measure was meted out to Greek and Slav alike of a contemptuous servitude, a stamping out of rights, the obliteration of nationality, the enforced degradation that is secured by ignorance and begets a timid and hateful servility. Such seems to be the one fixed plan of the Turkish ruler in maintaining a tight grasp over those nations which past conquest and modern policy have hitherto retained beneath his power. It is not, perhaps, his habit to be wantonly cruel, but he is savagely regardless of individual life, and wholly unfeeling as to individual suffering, so that, if he even knew of he would be little affected at the cruelties and injustices heaped on the spiritless Servian by the Zaptiés, renegade Albanians, and higher Turkish officials. There is no doubt carelessness and impotence as well as design in this sacrifice of the life, property, and rights of those who have the misfortune to be under Mohammedan sway; but it all comes really of the recklessness and indifference of rulers whose sole anxiety is to maintain the fruits of their conquest over subjects whom they hate and despise.

There is one particular tyranny which oppresses the Serb and Bulgarian far more than it did the Greek peasant, though he also felt its weight not a little; and this is the evil of Phanariote influence centralized and poisoned against their real interests in the Mussulman capital. The true Greek patriots, who had the cause of fatherland simply and solely at heart, soon learnt to distrust the purity of motive of Phanariote agents, and even of their own representatives at the seat of government, when they began to breathe the air of political intrigue. The Bulgarian peasants had long held Phanariote princes and Greek taxgatherers in especial abhorrence, but they felt their hostility far more in the field of religion and of education. Their Phanariote bishops and clergy are, justly, in their eyes tools of the Turks, the wolves and not the shepherds of their flocks, impeding their education, ignoring their language, denying the independence of their church, and enforcing an entire spiritual domination over them.

Such is the picture which writers present to us of the state of those Christians of the schismatic or so-called orthodox church, who still remain under Turkish rule in Europe; of Serbs and Bulgarians—not as seen through the blood and smoke of the mutual extermination now raging between them and the Turk, and heaping up worse than the horrors of Chios, Tripolitza, or Missolonghi—but as in the time of peace, when the suppressed volcano was only smouldering. Among such writers we have followed the guidance of the two lady travellers, Miss Mackenzie and Miss Irby, whose acquaintance with the Slavonian

provinces of European Turkey stretches so far back as the year 1862, and who entered into such free and easy relationship with the people of all classes in the districts through which they passed, as to enable them to judge correctly of their normal and habitual condition in times of peace and comparative tranquillity.*

Salonica, the ancient Thessalonica, commands a noble position at the head of the Ægean Sea; from the fertility of the surrounding country and the advantage of large rivers in its immediate neighborhood, it enjoys every opportunity of becoming a rich and flourishing seaport. The town is full of points of interest; it is intersected by the Egnatian Way, the highroad for centuries between Rome and Constantinople. A pulpit in which St. Paul is supposed to have preached reminds us of the Christian interest attached to the town. Though geographically situated in Bulgaria, it is a Greek city, standing on the coast-line, which remains Greek in character, and, passing straight across from the Ægean to the Black Sea, stretches as far as Varna, and even beyond it. Though now politically Turkish, Salonica is chiefly inhabited by Jews, the Greek citizens being quite inferior, both as to numbers and wealth. The Christian Slavonic population forms the working peasantry of the country districts; after paying a tenth to the Sultan, seed is put aside for the coming year, and of the produce that remains the landlord gets half. Amongst other taxes, the haratch is levied for exemption from military service, and the Mussulman taxgatherer commits as much fraud and extortion as his ingenuity can well devise, and is often accompanied by bands of Albanians armed to the teeth, in order to intimidate or punish the refractory. In former times, as still, fear of degradation to the level of the despised rayah has induced the apostasy of Serbs and Bulgarians alike; and these Mohammedan Slavs retain much of the old warlike spirit of their race, presenting a strong contrast to the sullen looks of the stolid and dispirited Christian. The Mussulman Bulgarian seeks means of excusing himself for his abandonment of the faith, and sympathizes with his Christian countrymen in their national antipathies, both against the Greek and the Turk.

The travellers on whose authority we have been relying were eye-witnesses in 1862 to a state of things in Bulgaria which they thus describe: "A variety of evils pressed on the country—outbreaks of haiduks, some political outlaws, some highwaymen —influx of Mohammedan Tartars from the Crimea, for whom the Bulgarians were forced to build houses and provide food—emigration of Bulgarians to Russia, succeeded by their destitute return—attempt of other Bulgarians to get off to Servia, frustrated by the Turkish authorities—finally, a shoal of bashi-bazouks turned loose among the villagers, on pretext of guarding the frontier from the Serbs. Another means resorted to for holding down the Bulgarian is the introduction of Mohammedan colonists, who replenish the declining Mussulman population, and are kept well supplied with arms, of which the Christian is deprived. Since the Tartars, Circassians have been introduced, and the idea has been adopted of planting them along the frontier of Servia, so as to bar off the Bulgarians. The Tartars were only idle, whereas these new immigrants came thirsting to avenge their own sufferings on all who bear the Christian name."

From Salonica to Monastir the road of our travellers led through splendid scenery, the rich plains of the Vardar, the river itself, winding up a green, luxuriant glen; beyond all these, cascades and wooded hills

* Travels in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe. By G. Muir Mackenzie and A. P. Irby.

framed in by mountain ranges, increasing in height until they culminated in the snow-clad brow of Mount Olympus. Monastir is a modern Turkish military station, beautifully situated at the extremity of a great plain, flanked by majestic mountains; its inhabitants are principally Jews and Osmanli; the Slavs chiefly people its environs. The Tzintzars found here are akin to the Roumanians of Wallachia and Moldavia; as they were at one time numerous in Thessaly and Macedonia, the Hellenes have persuaded them that they were Macedonian Greeks Romanized during the Empire; their influence, therefore, has been thrown into the scale on the Greek and Phanariote side. Wherever the Mohammedans outnumber the Christian population, the fate of the rayahs is most pitiable and perilous; murder is frequent and goes unpunished, more especially as the Zaptiés or rural police are often the assassins, and a Christian cannot give evidence in criminal cases; whereas the injury of a Mohammedan, even in self-defence or in the protection of another, is rigorously punished. Sometimes —when foreign pressure is brought to bear at headquarters—a "commissioner" is sent through a district to correct local abuses; if too zealous, such a commissioner is soon recalled, Mussulmans are left again to their abuses, and Albanian brigands are made free of the road and its passengers.

Prilip, six hours north of Monastir, is a town of nearly seven thousand inhabitants, and is one of the most prosperous places in Southern Bulgaria. Greater security is obtained for the Christians by their living together in family associations, occupying houses that open in a court common to all; yet at Prilip, the Greek clergy had held one of their incremations of Slavonic works. We have a still more perfect specimen of a Bulgarian town in Velesa, the inhabitants of which possessed a printing press, and preserved their national writings; but after escaping destruction for four hundred years of Turkish rule, the Greek bishop ordered all their books to be publicly burned in the market-place. Thus is their condition deteriorating, and their liberties are more restricted as time goes on. The Bulgarians of Velesa are, however, of a sturdy stock; they have forced a few concessions, and are securing for themselves somewhat better education, though they have not yet corrected their habitual morose and suspicious disposition.

Skopia, still higher up the Vardar, can boast a past history of especial note. As the village of Taor, in the neighborhood, the ancient Tauresium, claims to have been the birthplace of the Emperor Justinian, so Skopia was rebuilt and beautified by him, and after receiving the name of Justinianea Prima, it was made the seat of the Archbishopric of Illyria, an honor which Samuel, King of Bulgaria, removed to Ochrida. Under the Servian czardom, it flourished as one of the grandest and most opulent cities in that part of the world, and was the scene of their sabor or parliament; Stephen Dushan there promulgated his code, and the famed field of Kossovo stood immediately to the north of it. At Skopia all now is decay and wretchedness, and Novo Berdo, two days' journey northward, once celebrated for its silver mines, and bearing the title of mother of cities, in 1858 comprised only sixteen houses. In Skopia the Bulgarian element meets the Servian, and yields ground to a sterner and tougher character. Here, too, in a sense, Greek meets Greek, for the Greek finds in the Serb his match in historical pride and the ambition to resume empire. The schoolmaster was a Serb; in his possession were pictures of the former Servian kings and heroes, and the three Christian schools were all Servian.

A new race shows its swarthy features in the narrow defile of Katchanik, for it is peopled by Albanians, who are to the Serbs very much what they were to the Continental Greeks —brave, but fitful and disorderly friends, readily bought to be wild and bloodthirsty foes, and at all times lawless brigands, though they also had their hero of old, George Kastrioti, or Scanderberg, the ally of Czar Lazar on the field of Kossovo.

Stara, or old Servia, once included within Servia proper, is a district lying between Macedonia and the Principality of Servia; being included in Northern Albania, it is called by the Mussulmans Arnaoutluk. It was the seat of the old Servian kingdom, though it is partly inhabited by the Ghegga or Northern Albanians. The Osmanlee is represented only by a few troops and governors of towns, and some families in Prizren; the Greeks only by bishops. The extent of population is considered by some as about half a million, and not having obtained their freedom, this title of their country is disowned by the Turkish authorities and by European consuls, although within Stara Servia and in the plain of Metochia stood their capital, surrounded by the residences of the richest of their aristocracy. It is now the poorest and worst ruled part of Turkey in Europe. Ottoman colonies were sent into it soon after the defeat of Kossovo, but so long as Servians were its chief inhabitants, few became Mussulmans. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, the Servian Christians were called upon, under George Brankovic, to help an Austrian invasion of Turkey; but finding the contest in their own country hopeless, and themselves given over to the Turks, they emigrated in large numbers and took service under the Emperor of Germany. Old Servia, having thus lost her own inhabitants, was freshly peopled by Albanians, who, agreeing to become subjects of the Sultan if allowed to continue their own wild habits, came down from the mountain ranges, and, in time, purchased greater freedom and independence by abandoning their faith and becoming Arnaouts. They are, indeed, the most lawless Mussulmans in Turkey, and their antagonism to the authority of the Porte is quite as marked as their arrogance to the Servians. The remnant of Servian families which remains forms now the smallest minority of Christians anywhere in European Turkey; they are slow to rouse, and are very wanting in industry, and are of sullen and unsociable habits, but are more independent and practice greater self-respect than the Bosnians or Bulgarians. In the towns of Stara Servia, the governor is a Turk, the members of town council are generally Arnaout chiefs, for the Mussulmans dwell in the towns, and the rayahs get out of their way into the country and villages. The Christian community has for its head a Primate called Kodgia bashi, whose social influence is considerable, though his political power is slight indeed.

In Bosnia antagonism fixes itself far more on creed than race. There the social position of the Mussulman is higher; his tenure of land older, for the Bosnian nobility became Mohammedans towards the end of the fifteenth century, two hundred years earlier than the Arnaouts. The Mussulmans of Bosnia were, from time immemorial, lords of the soil; the Christian population always held the lowest place.

The following scene is too characteristic and suggestive to be omitted. At Novi Bazaar, close to the frontier of the free Principality, three rapacious Zaptiés were let loose in a rayah's dwelling, as guard of honor and protection to the two English travellers:

"No part of the lower house was free from their presence; the women had to hide

from them, and the young father of the family was ordered about as their slave. The sound of our voices caused the rayah to shake like a leaf; the man was in agonies lest the police in the room below should hear us talking with him. We conversed loud together, whilst he whispered. How curious a picture was the group in that little room. At one end, in the candlelight, we sat talking cheerfully on each side of our little table covered with English books and work; at the other end, where the shadow fell darkest, crouched the dragoman and the rayah, the former with his keen, swarthy face bent down to catch the whispers of his companion; that companion, a young man with the fresh color and rounded contour of a European, but quaking, almost convulsed with fear. Thus the rayah poured forth his tale: 'The Christian community of Novi Bazaar is at the mercy of the Mussulmans; they enter houses both by day and night, take what they choose, and behave as they will. Raise an arm or speak a word, and you bring on yourself death or the loss of a limb. Make a representation to the authorities, and you are ruined by the revenge of them of whom you have dared to complain. No insult, no injury is so hard to bear as that of Mussulmans carrying off Christian girls. The parents of one who served in a Mussulman family were informed that she had become a Mohammedan; she was secretly forced away, escaped home, and was tracked thither, and then Mussulman vengeance fell on the whole community; out of one hundred and ten houses, at least one hundred were invaded, and several were completely ruined.' A similar case had happened to the narrator's own wife; indeed, consular reports testify that the man who carries off a Christian girl and makes her become a Mohammedan, is rewarded by exemption from the conscription."

That these outrages of justice are not committed against weak girls alone, the following incident at Ipek will show: "One night a woman of the Serb community was taken ill. The master of the household went out to call assistance, and an Arnaout who had a grudge against him shot him dead. In an evil hour the Christians of Ipek, knowing the murderer, denounced him to the Kaïmakam, and thereupon the Arnaouts seized on another Christian, and declared that he, not an Arnaout, was guilty of the deed. Christian evidence going for nothing against a Mussulman, of course the Servian could not be cleared. The Kaïmakam threw him into prison. Months passed: in prison he lay still, the workingman of the family. Who is to provide for his wife and children? At length the Arnaouts shot at the Kaïmakam himself; the whole council of Ipek were called to Prizren to be judged by the Pasha; thither the prisoners in the Ipek gaol had been also carried. The man falsely accused of murder was taken with the rest, but did not return; and lately his mother had gone to Prizren to try and see him, but all in vain."

Nor is it only the peasant, the merchant, or the chance traveller whose life and property are in danger: the lieutenants of the Sultan, escorted by the Sultan's guard, should they presume to levy taxes from Mussulmans, are shot down in open day in that worse than Alsatia of the Arnaoutluk, where no one is safe. We have alluded to Prizren as the seat of the Pasha's court: it stands out beside a noble river, now not navigable, amid fertile fields, no longer cultivated, backed by mountains rich in wood and ore, but only the wild haunts of brigands,—a sad memorial of past grandeur and witness of present desolation. Three hundred and sixty churches and monasteries once studded the neighborhood of an imperial city, destined to follow the fortunes of the Czardom, though still preserving some show of grandeur in the ruined arches and domes that crown its perpendicular heights. The Cathedral of Prizren, after standing in ruins for centuries, has only recently been desecrated and deformed in order to adopt it for Mussulman use. We might describe the foul state of the prisons in this court of appeal for the whole region of Old Servia, were it not that to tell of them, of their filth and vermin, of the imprisonment of the untried till they can bribe the authorities, and of the many left to die of want unless pro-

visioned by their relatives, would be a mere repetition of the treatment dealt out to Catholic confessors for the faith in England. Again, the contrivances practiced in our own day to entrap proselytes of tender age find their match in Mussulman intrigue and ingenuity, the hook baited with unworthy motives, the kindness, the food, the fine clothes, the persuasion, the spiriting off, the quibbling as to legal age, are all well known and cleverly achieved, even to the delicate point of deciding that a Christian child of eight be left under Mussulman care till he is old enough to choose a religion for himself, after a few years of such tutelage. Nor is the finest touch of all omitted in the generous disinterestedness of coaxing a favorable answer from the child himself.

The Salonica of the Adriatic coast is Scutari in Albania, which delights in many names, from the Scodra of Roman tradition and Albanian usage to the Iskendric by which the Turks connect it with the hero Scanderberg, and Skadur as the Servians call it, who were its founders and masters for seven hundred years. Nature has marked it out for a flourishing emporium, but as a Turkish city it is dirty and ruinous. About 1401, the second town, built round the steep castle rock, passed for a short time into the hands of the Venetians, connecting the Servians with them just as Greece had been. Indeed, Venice itself might easily be mistaken for a Slavonic town, bearing as it does the Saxon name for Slavonic, given to a town of undoubted Slavonic origin, the Vineta of the Baltic, "the city of the Vends," as the Saxons called the Slavs. Though not Slavonic, Venice had extensive relations with the Servian races, drew her sailors from the Dalmatian shores, and adopted and Italianized many Slavonic family names; as in the free city of Ragusa, which preserved a distinct Slavonic literature, Italian names were combined with the Slavonic. We are now at the extreme limit of European Turkey to the west, and Turkish influence or control cannot be so strongly felt as to render safe for it the recent step, which takes the rule out of the hands of the local Mussulmans, and thus dissatisfies and alienates them. As it is, the Northern Albanians are very restless and unruly allies under Osmanli hands, and by no means willing to fight the Montenegrin in their cause. The Christians also are nowhere in Turkey less oppressed than at Scutari, yet even here they dread coming forward to bear witness of injuries committed against themselves, even after obtaining consular interference, being either fearful of failure or suspicious of future retaliation.

Through the courage and energy of the French Consul, one great victory was, however, gained during the Montenegrin war in 1862, and was very widely reported, to the following effect:

"Dom Gaspar, a certain Latin priest, dared boldly to preach that it was a sin and a shame for the Roman Catholic Albanians to fight in the interest of the Mussulmans against their free Christian brethren, the Montenegrins. His sermons addressed themselves to far higher and more generous motives than any that had for ages prompted the deeds of these half-barbarians, and to the credit of the people he had immense success. But the Turks by no means approved such doctrines, and after various manœuvres and strenuous bribery got Dom Gaspar into their power, and prepared to send him to Constantinople for trial. The French Consul interfered on his own responsibility, and declared that the Porte had no right to intermeddle with Dom Gaspar's teaching, and that in no case should he be transferred to a Turkish prison from his present scene of usefulness. As a rule there is nothing a consul will say to which a pasha will not seem to agree, but there is nothing a consul can demand which a pasha will not contrive to evade. Having put off the French Consul with a series of compliments and speeches, Omar Pasha, then commanding at Scutari, waited for the Mohammedan feast, Bairam, when the Mussulmans filled the streets, and were in a state of excited fanaticism, and then quietly ordered Dom Gaspar to be con-

ducted from the town to the sea-coast. Already the priest and his guards were in the street, when the French Consul was apprised by his vigilant scouts, and instantly, without waiting to consult with other consuls or remonstrate with the pasha, accompanied only by his two cavasses, he dashed off to the rescue. From the very midst of the guards, surrounded as they were with a Mohammedan crowd, he bore off Dom Gaspar, and brought him safely to the French consulate. Once there the pasha accepted the logic of facts, and attempted nothing more; the Albanians accepted it also, and henceforward Dom Gaspar's teachings were placed on a pinnacle."

Legend recounts that the castle of Scutari could not be built until a woman, the bride of the youngest of three brothers who founded it, was immured within its walls while suckling her infant. According to another tradition, the waters of the Lake of Scutari cover a number of submerged towns and villages, and it is said that on calm days the roofs of houses may be seen through its clear waves. These might almost be the reflection of the rocky islands and mountains which, some barren and others wooded, surround the lake, and look in upon its bright unruffled surface. To the northern shore of this Lake of Scodra, and to the district round about Podgoritza, we trace back the history of the leading Servian families, as well as the strength and flower of their old nobility; its population is still Christian and Servian, and from early times it has enjoyed the fame, which it still possesses, of producing the handsomest and most stalwart specimens of the race.

Scutari, though close to it, is not actually on the sea-coast, and we do not stand on the Adriatic shore, looking across to Bari on the Italian mainland, till we are within Antivari or Anti-Bari. This town is miserably desolate when compared with Scutari, but the dilapidated walls, which threaten those who pass along its narrow streets, bear on their front the arms of the ancient Venetian nobility. The history of Antivari anticipated the tale of the ruined towns of Greece. In 1571 its garrison consented to capitulate to the Turk on honorable terms, but the moment that its besiegers entered the place, it was given up to massacre and pillage. The country population round about is entirely Slavonic, consisting chiefly of a gallant clan, called Pastrovic, who long maintained their ground against the Turk, and by descent, religion, and sympathies are identified with the Montenegrins, nor is it difficult to detect their family likeness in deeds of valor and patriotism.

Such evidence as this, and much that is similar to it, has been given as to the real condition in times of peace, some few years back, of a part of European Turkey, not much written of, but covering the nursery ground of Bulgarian and chiefly Servian greatness, and now witness of its desolation, while the echoes of a renewed struggle are from afar breaking in upon its silence. We have written without any allusion to passing events, and as though living before them. The above picture seems a true one of the measure of liberty, justice, and progress dealt out, voluntarily, and when free of external pressure, to the Slavonic subjects of the Sultan. Without being overstrong advocates of their cause, and still less admirers of the spirit and temper they have exhibited towards others, or the all too credible atrocity of their retaliations, it seems to us fair to let their previous condition speak for itself, and to review their past history as a whole. For some remedy is surely necessary and possible in order to restore to a land lying waste the freedom, happiness, and prosperity in which it at one time so greatly rejoiced.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE moon that now is shining
In skies so blue and bright,
Shone ages since on shepherds
Who watched their flocks by night.
There was no sound upon the earth,
The azure air was still,
The sheep in quiet clusters lay,
Upon the grassy hill.

When lo! a white-winged angel
The watchers stood before,
And told how Christ was born on earth,
For mortals to adore;
He bade the trembling shepherds
Listen, nor be afraid,
And told how, in a manger,
The glorious Child was laid.

When suddenly, in the heavens,
Appeared an angel band
(The while in reverent wonder
The Syrian shepherds stand),
And all the bright host chanted
Words that shall never cease,
Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good-will and peace!

The vision in the heavens
Faded, and all was still,
And the wondering shepherds left their flocks,
To feed upon the hill.
Towards the blessed city
Quickly their course they held,
And in a lowly stable,
Virgin and Child beheld.

Beside a humble manger
Was the maiden Mother mild,
And in her arms her Son divine,
A newborn infant, smiled.
No shade of future sorrow
From Calvary then was cast;
Only the glory was revealed,
The suffering was not past.

The Eastern kings before him knelt,
And rarest offerings brought;
The shepherds worshipped and adored
The wonders God had wrought;
They saw the crown for Israel's king,
The future's glorious part;
But all these things the Mother kept,
And pondered in her heart.

Now we that maiden Mother
The Queen of Heaven call;
And the Child we call our Jesus,
Saviour and Judge of all.
But the star that shone in Bethlehem
Shines still, and shall not cease,
And we listen still to the tidings
Of glory and of peace.

A CHRISTMAS CHAPTER.

O thou joyfullest,
O thou blessedest,
O thou grace-laden Christmas time!
Sweet Birth, undoing
The lost world's ruin;
Ring out, glad bells, your Christmas chime!
Old German Carol for Christmas.

It is curious what a varietyof customs the beautiful festival of festivals has given rise to in all lands. What a strange commingling of obstinate superstitions with the sweetest impulses of faith a volume of Christmas lore would show! The grotesque and the exquisite, the profane and the hallowed, the hideous and the charming, the animal and the spiritual, all inextricably woven together, in the sports and merry-makings that distinguish the day, dearest of all the year, in every clime on which the Star of Bethlehem has cast even a transient ray. Nothing shows more vividly the elevating influence of Christianity, the silly as well as evil fancies and habits against which the Church has always had to contend, and the sweet maternal skill with which she has loved to turn them gently to good, rather than sternly suppress and abolish them.

As a specimen, let us work at one of the indispensable adjuncts of Christmas in northern countries in olden times:

The Yule Log.

This relic of heathenism, says an ancient chronicler, was a huge piece of wood, brought indoors with great ceremony, and deposited in the principal fireplace of the house. As it was brought in, a chorus was sung after this fashion:

My merry, merry boys,
Come bring with a noise
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good, good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

The log being properly placed, the bringers-in sat on it in turn, to sing a stave of the yule song, and wish the master and family a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. The yule log was then lighted with the last year's brand, for every year a fragment of the log was carefully put by to serve for lighting the log of the following Christmas. Another chorus was lustily sung while the lighting was going on:

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play,
That fair luck may
Come while the log is a-tending.

The ceremony closed with distributing yule cakes, on which the figure of the Holy Infant was impressed. Sometimes they were made in figures studded with currants.

But there were more precious memories connected with the yule log of true Christian households, as intimated by a pious writer, who thus describes how Christmas eve was spent in country houses:

"After the collation, which they take together about seven o'clock in the evening, the watching is prolonged in the hall, where, for once, no profane music is admitted. With great trouble the trunk of an immense oak or beech tree has been carried in and laid on the hearth. This log, called the Christmas log, has been laid apart, and kept all the year for the sacred vigil. Oh, now the vigil can be prolonged, neither will the fire be extinguished! When once the enormous block has been well kindled, it burns cheeringly; and when the people will return from the midnight Mass, for the repast, and when they go again to the Mass of the dawn, the fire will still be alight."

Witch Spells.

There is an odd superstition current in some parts of Germany, an innovation of "Reformer's days," contrasting with a relic of the child-like faith of the "dark ages." The "immortal Will," Shakspeare, who so cleverly enshrines all sorts of odds and ends of legendary lore in his plays, records the popular belief that no spirit dares stir abroad during the Christmas season:

The nights are wholesome then; no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

The peasants of certain German regions hold no such comfortable belief. On the contrary, they deem the midnight hour of Christmas eve the favorite time for witches and hobgoblins generally to play their pranks. The counter-spell is to ring an alarm on the village bell, during which ringing the cattle must be fed, else they will die of the plague, and the fruit trees bound with strraw, else there will be "nothing but leaves" the next summer. These witch-fearing folks, however, retain so much of olden traditions as to hold stoutly that the cattle fall on their knees at the sacred hour.

Songs and Glees.

In Northern England this is a favorite glee:

The merry, merry time,
The merry, merry time,
Bless the merry Christmas time.

The Wassail Bowl* had a number of rude ditties, of which the following is not a bad sample, with its odd mingling of compliments, hints, and wishes, good and bad:

Wassail, wassail, all over the town,
Our toast it is white, our ale it is brown;
Our bowl it is made of a maplin tree;
We be all good fellows: I drink to thee.

Here's to Branch, the horse, and to his right ear;
Luck send our maister a happy New Year—
A happy New Year as e'er he did see:
With my wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

* Wassail is a Saxon word, meaning "your health," or "health be to you." It is variously written was-heal, wassel, etc.

Here's to Broad, the pony, and to his right eye;
Luck send our mistress a good Christmas pie—
A good Christmas pie as e'er I did see:
With my wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

Here's to Fillpail, the cow, and to her long tail;
Luck send our maister us never may fail
Of a good cup of beer: I pray you draw near,
And soon you shall hear our jolly wassail.

Be here any maids—I suppose there be some—
Sure they'll not let young men stand on the cold stone;
Sing hey, ye maids, come trole back the pin,
And the fairest maid in the house let us in.

Come, butler, bring us a bowl of the best,
I hope your soul in heaven will rest;
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
Then down tumble butler, bowl and all.

The evergreen decorations of the festive season were not slighted by the song-makers:

Holly and Ivy made a great party,
Who should have the mastery
In the lands where they go.
Then spake Holly, I am frisk and jolly,
I will have the mastery
In lands where we go.

The doggerels sung by children mostly included a petition for Christmas boxes or goodies. In some places it was customary for the little band to rap loudly at the front door, singing at the same time in a gruff tone:

Knock, knock, knock! I'll thank ye for some bread—
Whoever won't give it, I'll break his head.

On being admitted, they sang in pleasanter style:

Knock, hammer, knock!
Of bread there's good stock.
Out your pears and apples throw,
Or to better homes I'll go.
The roses, the roses, they grow on one tree,
My master and mistress, how lovely you be.

Another of these ditties ran:

An angel sits behind the door,
He has apples and pears in store;
Three pears upon one stem,
Come, good man, give us them;
Give us apples and pears now,
And thou shalt have good luck, I trow.

In Ireland, the children's songs were confined to wishing good wishes, leaving those who were honored with a visit to give the presents according to their own impulses. The following used to be popular, perhaps it is yet, in the south of Ireland:

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
On St. Stephen's Day was caught in the furze;
I bring my wren to visit you here,
And wish you all a happy New Year,
Merry Christmas and happy New Year.

Christmas in the United States.

Christmas in the United States has not given rise to much legendary lore, but it is not less prized by all ages and conditions, harmonizing the most opposite shades of political *beliefs* and religious *opinions*. On one day in the year we are all one. Not the Fourth of July, neither Thanksgiving Day, may boast of accomplishing that feat. Christmas does it. In one way or another the great Christian feast mixes itself up with everybody and their affairs. Very quietly, in her own wondrous style, the Church has infused something of the spirit of her loveliest festival into both sectarian rigidity and bacchanalian license. Into the solemn homesteads, where the idea of religion is associated only with gloom, she sends a Christmas ray that melts the sternest heart, scatters right and left the clouds of unbending goodness and set godliness, and teaches both the old and young that "God is Charity." Over scenes of giddy mirth and boisterous revelry she casts a gleam from Bethlehem's star, so that even the most thoughtless reveller takes thought of the poor and needy, and deems the gay Christmas keeping incomplete, if some one has not been made merry who else would not know the meaning of "Merry Christmas." Ah, it is beautiful to see how the Babe of Bethlehem has made himself welcome through the whole length and breadth of our country! We may reverently apply the words of the Psalmist, "*He has not done so to any nation.*" Our new world is to be brought to God in a new way, through family ties and cares and joys, and "a

little Child" is leading the families joyously to his and their father. If we have not carols and anthems, legends and pastimes, there is no dearth of what suits us better. Our home memories and household traditions are bright with the radiance of Christmas, the cherished joys of our hearts echo its glad musical chimes, our most precious souvenirs are embalmed in its fragrance.

This strange blending of the festival's hallowed and hallowing influence with domestic and even *worldly* things has never been more graphically pictured than in *Morton House*, that semi-religious novel, which is no less admirable for its truly Catholic tone than its literary merits. From its Christmas-Eve chapter we must glean some exquisite passages, intermingled with the festal scenes that make a charming

CHRISTMAS AT HOME.

Hour after hour the night slipped away—gay talk, laughter and music made it speed fast, and few of these heedless people remembered that, while they jested, the minutes rolled on to the verge of the great Feast of the Nativity. Katharine alone thought of the mystical sacrifice which all through this night circles the world, as wherever the ancient Church has planted her standard, the Midnight Mass is offered, the altar blazes with starry lights, the fragrant incense rises, the glad voices break forth, and with their triumphant strains echo those who sung, eighteen hundred years ago, to the shepherds on the plains of Judea. She alone thought of the crowded sanctuaries, and yearned to make one of the happy multitude, who, like the Magi of old, bent before their hidden Lord. But something whispered "Peace!" She stepped to one of the windows, and drew back the curtains. The night was clear, starlight, and the great dome of heaven seemed fairly quivering with radiance—fairly ablaze with the splendors of myriad constellations set on a field of deepest steel-blue. In the east, one great planet glowed like a lesser moon. All the frosty night lay sparkling and still before her, but she knew that, over yonder, Tallahama was ringing with merry uproar, and that beyond Tallahama, towns and cities and villages echoed the same mirth.

As she turned her gaze to a hill on her left, a broad red glow met her eyes—the light from the negro cabins, in which was seen the shifting of many forms, and from which, if the window had been lifted, she could have heard the well-loved sound of the fiddle and the banjo, and the sound of dancing feet. And it was all because of Bethlehem that for a short space the world forgot its feverish strife, and lapsed into these childlike pleasures! O, Christian heart, rejoice and take hope! Better to honor ignorantly than not to honor at all, and while you gaze forth sighing, wider and wider spreads the light of that star which once shone above the Child of Nazareth.

While she was still at the window, and Mr. Talcott still talked unheeded commonplace, there was a stir in the room which attracted her attention. The door opened, and a servant entered carrying an enormous silver bowl filled with eggnog, made after a receipt which was the secret of certain Southern households under the old *régime*. Another followed with a salver, bearing glittering goblets, and baskets heaped with cakes of every order and degree. These refreshments were the regulation "Christmas cheer," and thirty, twenty, nay, ten years ago, Christmas Eve would scarcely have seemed Christmas Eve if they had been lacking. After the bowl was deposited in state on the centre-table, the bearer turned and addressed his young master, who was standing by:

"The Kriss-Kringles is out here, Mars'r Morton, and they heard as

how some of the ladies said they would like to see 'em."

"*I* said so!" cried Miss Lester, starting from a sofa, where she had been *tête-a-tête* with an irresistible-looking gentleman—that is, a gentleman who thought himself irresistible—"I said so, Mr. Annesley. Do let them come in! I am so fond of Kriss-Kringles!"

"Certainly, Miss Maggie," said Morton, laughing. Then to the servant: "Tell them they may come in, Victor."

Victor said, "Yes, sir," and apparently much gratified, retired with his grinning associate.

After a short interval, which the company in the drawing-room devoted to the eggnog, there was a shuffling of many feet outside the door, a subdued tittering, a touch or two of the strings of a banjo, then a chorus of voices broke into the wild refrain of some negro ditty, and when the door was thrown open, the redoubtable Kriss-Kringles—the mingled terror and fascination of every Southern child—appeared drawn up in the hall.

To Katharine alone it was a novel sight, the fantastically dressed and masked group in the foreground, and the dusky faces, beaming with pride and delight, that made a semicircle round the wall, and peered in at the open door.

"What are they for? What do they do?" she asked of Miss Lester, who chanced to be standing by her.

"Oh, don't you know about Kriss-Kringles?" cried that young lady, with surprise. "Why, on Christmas Eve some of the negroes always dress up in this way, and go round to all the cabins, and sometimes scare the others nearly to death. I can remember when I was a child I used to be awfully afraid of them. When they come into the house in this way, it is for Christmas gifts. I wish they could dance for you—you would like to see that. Mr. Annesley, would it hurt the floor very much if they danced just one dance for us? Miss Tresham never saw any Kriss-Kringles before."

"It would not hurt it at all," said Morton. "Boys, give us a dance before you go."

The "Kriss-Kringles" were not at all bashful, and needed no second invitation. In a minute the measure of the music changed, and still accompanying it with their voices, they broke in a wild, uncouth dance, impossible to imagine, and equally impossible to describe.

"I don't wonder children are afraid of them," thought Katharine, as she watched the hideous pasteboard masks, bending backward and forward, the agile feet that kept such well-marked time, and the fantastic figures threading in and out of what seemed inextricable mazes. Some of the steps were most remarkable, and various double-shuffles and pigeon-wings elicited the liveliest applause from the audience. But the performance was soon over.

"Dat's nuff, boys," said the leader, coming to a pause. "Don't let the white folks git tired of you. Make your bes' bow now, and tell de ladies and gentlemen you wishes 'em a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

"Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all!" echoed the ladies and gentlemen aforesaid; and most of them went out into the hall to bestow the Christmas gifts, which the Kriss-Kringles had delicately refrained from asking. After this, the gay pageant filed out, and went its way over the hill to the quarters, the united voices swelling into fuller song as they receded, and all the echoes of the silent night.

"It is eleven o'clock," said Mrs. French, as she went back into the drawing-room where Mrs. Annesley and a few elderly ladies had the fire all to themselves. "It is time to

arrange our *tableaux*, as Morton calls them. Irene, Maggie, Flora—all of you—come!"

Most of the young ladies rose at this summons, and left the room. The gentlemen fell into knots, and talked principally to each other, during the half hour which followed. Morton snatched a few minutes with Katharine; but his mother soon managed to call him away. At the end of the half hour, a messenger came from Mrs. French for Miss Tresham. At a quarter to twelve a servant entered and put out all the lights. The hush of the next fifteen minutes was very impressive. Such an idea had never entered Adela French's head, but to more than one present unconsciously solemn thoughts came, and this darkness seemed to typify the shadow which rested over the world before the blessed light of Christmas dawned. In the midst of profound silence the clocks began to strike twelve. At the first stroke, the folding-doors which divided the two drawing-rooms, and which had been rigidly closed all the evening, moved noiselessly apart; into the darkness flashed a dazzling flood of light, a scene so brilliant that it almost blinded the vision, and a chorus of silvery voices, breaking into the "glad tidings of great joy."

Not being very well used to scenic effects, the spectators held their breath in astonished admiration. The room in which they gazed was wreathed with garlands, and blazing with lights, until it lost the semblance of a room, and looked rather like some enchanted palace. At the farther end an arch of green was thrown, and above, in illuminated letters, ran the inscription, "Unto you is born this day a Saviour." Under the centre of this arch stood the Christmas tree, glittering from the lowest limb to the highest summit with countless tapers and colored lights. Behind was a stage, arranged in careful perspective. Gazing from the darkened room, the full glory of the abounding radiance seemed to centre here, giving an effect beyond description to the figures upon it. In the foreground was an Oriental group—the Judean shepherds, as they watched their flocks—while beyond and around were slender forms clad in pure white, whose voices rose in one united chorus, as they sang an anthem exultant enough to tell the world Who had entered it on that December night.

As the chorus died away, the tones of a cabinet organ fell on the air, and in the midst of a hush, so deep that it could almost be felt, one pure, liquid voice rose and soared aloft in the sublime "Gloria" of Mozart. In all the great world of tones there is hardly a strain which for triumphant majesty and noble worship can equal this. There is scarcely an alloy of earth and earth's supplications in it. We forget that we are still "poor banished children of Eve," that we are yet "wrestling and mourning in this valley of tears;" we catch the spirit of the angelic hosts, and our hearts are borne upward by the tones in which the master's genius and devotion live forever. "Gloria in excelsis Deo!" sang the ineffable sweetness of that silver voice, and few were so cold or so careless as not to echo the cry. In the breathless silence, every word of the grand old Latin was audible, and every word stirred those listening hearts. How full of glorious triumph rang the voice in the "Domine Deus! Agnus Dei! Filie Patriæ!" How it seemed smote with a sudden remembrance of humanity, a sudden yearning sense of need, in the "Qui tollis peccata mundi! miserere nobis!" How grandly it rose again to the very gates of heaven in the "Quoniam tu solus Sanctus!" and after one great burst of inspired praise, sunk at last into silence.

When the solo ended, people remembered where they were, and turn-

ing, stared at each other. Who was it? What voice had carried them so far out of themselves, and out of the world in which they lived — the smooth, conventional, easy world, in which Christmas was only a pleasant occasion of friendly meeting and convivial sport? All these lights and wreaths, this *tableau* arrangement and chorus of pretty girls, were a very agreeable entertainment to the eye; but here—here was something which seized them unawares, and wrenching them out of their ordinary life, made them realize what it was they had met to celebrate, forcing upon them thoughts which to the common worldly mind are anything but agreeable. It was the greatest proof of Katharine's triumph that her earnestness had so far communicated itself to them that they thought of her and her voice only as a secondary consideration. . . . .

When the folding-doors were once more opened, and the company were bidden to admire and inspect the Christmas-tree, which was loaded with gifts, Annesley went up to Katharine and held out his hand, without in the least regarding the people standing near.

"Let me thank you for a pleasure which I shall always remember," he said. "You have given me my best Christmas gift. I shall never again think of St. Cecilia without thinking of *you*. Don't Catholics always have a patron-saint? *She* ought to be yours."

SONNET.

FREDERICK OZANAM.

A soul alight with purest flame of love,
A heart aglow with sweetest charity,
A mind all filled—and this is rarity—
With even-balanced thoughts, his eyes above,
Yet saw he earth in its dread verity;
For is't not true that some who Heaven see
Cast down no looks upon the shadows of
Their shadowed world? A serpent, yet a dove,
He saw the world, and seeking, found the clue
To all the thoughts of the present time,
And from the past drew other secrets down;
He placed 'mid Dante's boys a diamond true
Of purest water; and in every clime
Prayers of God's poor add gems to his own crown.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE faults of the press have lately been discussed. They may be put in four classes, catering to low and vicious tastes, partisanship which leads to the suppression of every fact damaging to the side advocated, personalities, and sensationalism. These are the crimes alleged against the American press of all varieties by foreigners.

As regards the first class of offences, all but the professedly religious "organs" must plead guilty. The reports of divorce cases, rape cases, seduction cases, assault cases, etc., are very bad. The writers, the proof-readers, the compositors, and the reporters *must* find it exceedingly difficult to avoid being contaminated by these reports. The readers also share the same danger, if they read the reports. Who can tell how much of the prevalent license is due to the fact of the reports of such things being so fully reported? The report is not for the interests of justice, and is only inserted to "sell" the paper.

As regards partisanship, what can we say? Is it not hard indeed to find a journal which will give all the facts—"the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and let the reader draw his own inferences? All or nearly all (and religious "organs" are just as bad as secular ones) systematically suppress the facts damaging to the cause they advocate. They do it all the time, every day, and with a clear conscience. They do it not from fear of "giving scandal," but from the pure fear of the truth. So weak do they think truth is that they believe it must be covered up to protect it from the air, lest it should catch cold and die. They seem to think that not to *print* a thing hides it, when all the time it is well known and everywhere talked about. They are playing a double part, asserting in print what they know to be false, and denying publicly what they know to be true. All papers do not act this part—there are many and honorable exceptions—may their number increase!

Some papers, like the New York *Herald*, profess to be "independent," and this independence consists in praising both sides, or in alternately praising one side and then the other. This "independence" is worse than partisanship even; it must confuse the minds of all who read such journals.

Independence is merely speaking the truth without fear or favor.

As regards personal abuse, to throw a handful of mud at a man does not answer his arguments. A good cause may be defended by a very bad man. A bad cause may be defended by an excellent man. The question is, What is the principle of the cause itself? We are sometimes much amused by hearing of persons who became Catholics (for instance) *because* they met some good priest. We presume that if they met an honest Jew they would embrace Judaism, a sincere Turk, Mohammedanism, a good Presbyterian, that form of religion, and so on for the 365 days of the year. No wonder that the first scandal should cause such people to fall away. We read that Nicodemus and Cornelius, a Jew and a Gentile, were both good men *before* they believed in Christ, yet they had to embrace the Christian religion none the less. We read that some Christians in the days of the Apostles even were worse than pagans, yet this would not justify a pagan in remaining so *when* he learned the truth. So in like manner the vulgar abuse of religious or political opponents, and the flinging about of the words, "thief," "liar," "fraud," etc., etc., is both un-Christian and unwise.

To speak of sensationalism. Prominent head-lines, sub-heads, and startling announcements are American and harmless. They are *devices*, and quite innocent devices, to attract attention, and the absence or spare use of them in English and French papers gives a heavy look, very repulsive and dry.

A CORRESPONDENCE has taken place between the Bishop of London and the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie respecting the erection in the church of St. Alban's of a picture of the Blessed Virgin, before which flowers and candles are placed, and of a large crucifix suspended opposite to the pulpit. The bishop wrote to Mr. Mackonochie on the 27th of June, pointing out the illegality of the ornaments, and directing their removal. After some correspondence on the subject, Mr. Mackonochie wrote on the 17th of October, "respectfully, but firmly," declining to remove the crucifix and picture, which, he said, had occupied their present positions for about five years, and were deeply valued by the people, especially the poor, as standing witnesses for the two cardinal doctrines of Christianity—the Incarnation and the Atonement. Moreover, such objects of Christian art had been declared legal by the judgment in the Exeter Cathedral reredos case—"a fact," Mr. Mackonochie said, "which is of no importance to me, but of

much from your lordship's point of view." The bishop replied on the 6th of November, repeating his order for the removal of the ornaments. The question, however, was not the expediency or even the legality of the ornaments, but whether Mr. Mackonochie was not required by his oath of canonical obedience to obey the commands of his bishop. Having received no reply to this letter, the bishop wrote again on November 21st, stating that he should be compelled to proceed in the matter by monition from the court of his diocese. Mr. Mackonochie replied on the 22d, stating that pressure of work had prevented him from answering his lordship's former letter, and adding: "I am for every reason deeply grieved that your lordship should take proceedings in court, but in the present state of the Church can do nothing on my side to stay them, and have quite made up my mind to take the consequences."

If the English reformers hated anything on earth, it was the veneration of the Blessed Virgin. She was the one object of their sneers, and the subject of a hate truly diabolical, and which springs from the infernal spirit himself, whose head she crushed.

But she is being restored in England to her rightful position by degrees. The ritualist first taught Church authority, then the real presence, then the other sacraments, and now they teach that the Blessed Virgin is to be venerated, and that her image is to be retained and adorned. The State-appointed Bishop of London has ordered her statue to be removed from St. Alban's Church, Holborn, and the battle now rages round this doctrine and practice.

So is the Church vindicated by her very enemies.

UNDER the fostering care of the first kings the Catholic Church spread its benign influence over England, from the Wall of Hadrian to the Land's End, and from the German Ocean to the Irish Sea. St. Benedict Biscop taught the English people to build fair churches of stone, and he also brought over glass for the windows of churches. St. Wilfrith collected a great many books and established the first library in England, at York. Venerable Bede translated the Scriptures into English, in which holy work he was engaged when he died. He wrote songs and hymns in English, and a history of the English Church, from which we learn a great deal about the early English. He wrote many works in Latin, which Alfred the Great translated into English, and he was a scholar proficient in all the learning of the age. His scholars covered the whole land, and travelled everywhere. St. Aldhelm is another of these great English scholars.

But it was not only the example and exertions of these men, powerful as they were, which conferred the greatest blessings on England. By the conversion of England she was brought into close and intimate connection with the whole of Christendom. She was made a member of the great Catholic family of nations which were grouped around the See of St. Peter, and who revered the Pope as the Vicar of Christ. She inherited all that was preserved of the old Greek and Roman civilization that had been utterly destroyed in Britain. The people were taught to revere the sacrament of matrimony, and to train up their children in the fear and love of God. They were taught to practice all the spiritual and temporal works of mercy. They were taught the reverence due to old age, the virtue of purity, the sanctity of home, the importance of the future life, and the right method of using this present world. The Catholic Church and its glorious apostles did not try, for they do not try, to obliterate the national characteristics. This would be a vain and useless enterprise. As long as the earth endures, the races of mankind will preserve their characteristics. The Catholic Church did not endeavor to make the people despise the chiefs and kings; on the contrary, she taught a due submission and reverence to them; but she instructed the kings to do their duty to their people. To specify all the instances of this would be to fill volumes, but we can say with certainty that there was no king, however rough or cruel, but would have been tenfold worse but for her.

WE hear frequently discussions going on about "round" dances, and there seems to be a great deal of doubt on this question. We are no theologian, but we wish to state a few ideas we have on this subject, subject to correction, and fully open to conviction if we are incorrect.

As we understand the case, there is not, nor can there be, any sin in dancing in itself. Dancing is only moving to music, and has been practiced in all ages. The innocent child dances gleefully the more innocent it is, and the aged sire dances at Christmas festivities with his granddaughter.

Dancing is practiced in the most Catholic countries, and we have often seen pictures and read descriptions of the merry dances around the Maypole in England, and the gatherings in sunny France, where the gay villagers dance merrily, and the aged priest sits and looks on with approval.

Dancing cannot be a sin, for it is not opposed to the law of God, and the laws of

the Church, as every Catholic knows, are not intended as additions to the law of God, but as showing us how to observe it. The law of God says we must do penance, and the law of the Church shows us how, viz.: by doing the penance the priest imposes on us in confession, by observing the fasts, and by bearing patiently the ills of life.

Now if dancing comes in the way of observing the laws of God, dancing must perish! But does it?

The only way in which it can is by *misuse*. To the question, "Does the Church forbid the dance in any form?" we should reply, "Yes, if it is used in such a manner as to suggest or induce offences against purity," and "No, if it merely springs from a lightness of heart, an innocent gayety, or social disposition."

In no other matter is the old Catholic and Christian motto so true as this, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," the motto of the old Order of the Garter, "Evil be to him who thinks evil." A Catholic couple can dance merrily and innocently now as of yore in Ireland. And this reminds us of another point. The young people of the present age love "fun." Is there any more fun in a waltz or a polka than in a jig, in a "Lancers" than in an old-fashioned country dance? The most scrupulous can join in these.

THE Government of Victor Emanuel continues to rob the Church and to desecrate its temples. Quite recently they seized three other churches. Cardinal Simeoni, in his protest to the European powers, says that in this last act they—

"Have filled the heart of his Holiness with sorrow; with the same blow wounding the religious feelings of the Romans, and perpetrating the destruction of different historical and artistic monuments. The acts to which allusion is here made are the shutting up of the churches of St. Anthony the Abbe, on the Esquiline, of St. Martha, on the Piazza Del Bollegio Romano, and the taking possession of the oratory attached to the church of Santa Maria Della Scalla. It is intended to convert the first church into an hospital, the second into a military barrack, and the oratory into a gymnasium."

And of one of the churches he says:

"The pastor of St. Mary the greater exercised all his functions in the church of St. Anthony—his congregation were confirmed there and participated in the other sacraments under his ministrations. The gospel was explained to them. They attended catechism, and even in late times the church was used as an hospital under the care of the Sisters of Charity. When it is added that St. Anthony's is a historic church, whose façade is unique in Rome, for its time and style, that its pulpit is embellished by one of the greatest works of Odazzi, that its side-walls and the two chapels at the ends of the principal altar are decorated with the best works of Pierre Paroul, and that the architecture of the chapel of St. Anthony is one of the most remarkable of the city, the act of the Government is the more to be condemned. Besides two ancient mosaics, unique of their kind, there are still to be admired the pictures of Nicholas Ciccignani (the Pomarancio), and the 'Miracles of the Saints,' painted on the walls, by Lombardell de la Marca."

THE marriages of the Duke of Norfolk and that of Miss Vanderbilt were reported in the New York *Herald*, on the same day. The one was a Catholic marriage in high life, and the other a shoddy aristocratic Protestant one. While there was, of course, a suitable degree of splendor attending the marriage of the representative of an historic family, which among its various members possesses twenty coronets, yet there was not the prodigal and useless expenditure of cash which characterized the Vanderbilt nuptials. We hear that a "retreat" of some days preceded the former, and that the Duke and Lady Flora Hastings, now Duchess, are very charitable and devout Catholics. Of course, we hear also that the Duke of Norfolk is "not popular" among the English aristocracy. He is "Ultramontane," "un-English," etc.

No more is Cardinal Manning popular. He is "too ascetic," and also "un-English." The term "un-English" is applied to everything good in that country now. If a man is a good Catholic, he is "un-English," and of course unpopular. He must naturally be so. Still, the Duke is one of the aristocracy, and in a member of the privileged classes even the terrible crime of regarding one's soul and obeying the Vicar of Christ is viewed with comparative leniency. The illustrated papers give views of the ceremony, and the *Spectator* takes it up as a peg on which to hang a long discourse on the influence of an aristocratic class on a country. This influence is pernicious in nine cases out of ten.

SEVERAL deaths of priests have occurred since our last issue. The archdiocese of New York has lost a most energetic priest by the death of the Rev. James L. Conron, pastor of St. Peter's Church, New Brighton, Staten Island, in the forty-fifth year of his age. He was ordained by Archbishop Hughes, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on the

8th of May, 1858. He was first appointed assistant to Father Quinn, now Vicar-General of the archdiocese, in St. Peter's Church, Barclay Street, and thence to St. Andrew's Church, City Hall Place, where he officiated only a few months, when, on the 26th of August, 1862, he was appointed pastor at New Brighton, to succeed the Rev. Mark Murphy. He died December 7th.

The Rev. Patrick J. Daly was a native of the parish of Innishannon, County Cork, Ireland. He was born in November, 1839, and came to this country at an early age. He commenced his theological course of studies for the ecclesiastical state in the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, at Niagara, in 1860. On the 21st of December, 1867, he was ordained priest in the theological Seminary of St. Joseph, Troy, N. Y. Immediately after his ordination, Father Daly was appointed assistant pastor of St. Rose's Church, Cannon Street, New York, where he officiated until 1876, when he was appointed pastor of Croton Falls, N. Y. He is also dead.

WHILE lectures on Catholic subjects are often delivered, it is true also to say that both in quality and quantity they could be improved. A lecturer is morally bound to prepare himself carefully, and not to depend on stray ideas, which may fail him at the last moment. Even if a lecture is delivered for the benefit of a charity, the people have a right to hear something more than what they already know—they have a right to hear more than "glittering generalities." They come out at great pains and inconvenience perhaps, they pay for a ticket, and deserve to hear something good, new, and instructive. A stale rehash of Irish history, a ding-dong of words about the "Church and civil liberty," with no illustrations or proofs, or anything at all, except old and thrice-told tales, jokes of a hoary antiquity, and flat at that, etc., all this should not be palmed off on an intelligent audience.

There are only a few Catholic lecturers of this character it is true. We have lecturers as good as any in America. Let our young orators take pains, then. Labor, labor, labor, and labor *only* can insure excellence in any branch of study or of human effort.

THE capture of Kars and the siege of Erzeroum are the two events of most importance in the Russian campaign in Asia. It appears certain that Armenia will soon be occupied altogether, and finally annexed to the Russian Empire. Armenia is a very interesting country, and although the soil is in many places rocky and barren, yet its geographical position as head of the great valley of the Euphrates will give Russia no inconsiderable advantage.

The fall of Plevna, which was taken on December 10th by the Russians and Roumanians, and the capture with it of 40,000 Turks and 400 guns, is an event of the first magnitude. Widdin, Rustchuk, Silistria, and other fortresses on the Danube, will soon be captured or starved out, and there is nothing that can now prevent the Russians from pushing on to Adrianople and Constantinople, reaching the latter city by spring.

It looks now as if the determination of the Turks to retain Plevna was bad policy. The attempt to hold this city has deranged all their plans, and caused a more complete Russian triumph.

WE have several times lately referred to the progress of the Church in Canada. An article entitled "The Ultramontane Movement in Canada," in the *North American Review*, is designed to give American readers an idea of the state of religious controversy there. It draws attention to the stanch devotion of Canada to the Holy See; to Quebec as the oldest diocese in America, and "the mother of sixty dioceses;" to the apostolic labors of Mgr. Ignatius Bourget, Bishop of Montreal; and to the fact that between 500 and 600 Pontifical Zouaves rushed to the defence of the Holy See in 1870. The greatest part of the article, however, is made up of very severe, unjust, and indiscriminate charges against the bishops and priests of Canada, and rings the usual charges, with which we are all familiar, about "clerical usurpations," "war against the civil power," etc.

GALILEO'S condemnation, of which we hear so much, was the work of the scientific men of his day. The Roman Inquisition repeatedly refused to prosecute him, though urged to do so; and when at length his scientific enemies, who were all advocates of the Ptolemaic system, forced the Inquisition to try him, the Holy Office contented itself with permitting him to maintain that Copernicanism was "scientifically likely in the highest degree, but not to teach that it was absolutely proven." It can never be asserted too strongly that the mission of the Church is to save souls, that of scientific research to investigate natural phenomena. The Church allows science to go ahead with perfect freedom till its votaries knock their heads against a revealed truth. Then the Church says, "Stop, you must be wrong here; search a little further and see if you *may* not be mistaken."

THE approaching completion of the New York Cathedral has attracted considerable attention to it, and a general collection was taken up in New York in aid of the funds. For elegance of design, costliness of material, beauty of architecture, and general effectiveness and grandeur, it is unequalled in America, and approaches the great and famous ecclesiastical edifices of the middle ages, which stud the surface of Europe, and speak of the bygone ages of faith, and of the majesty of mediæval Christianity.

It is right and proper to build such cathedrals. It is of the genius of the Catholic religion to erect shrines of beauty and wonders of art and genius, in which the mysteries of religion may be suitably and appropriately celebrated.

THE Christmas season reminds us that the tidings of "peace to men of good-will" announced so many years ago are still proclaimed and re-echoed to many. We would pray for peace. Peace in Europe, where the awful slaughter and terrible carnage that has devastated the fair lands of Bulgaria and Armenia has rightly horrified every man of good feeling. Peace in France, and a subsidence of the angry passions that there prevail. Peace on our borders, both with Mexico and the Indian tribes; where troubles have so long lasted, and where the redskins have been systematically defrauded and oppressed. Peace on land and sea, peace on every side.

THE extension of the religious orders in those countries where they were previously unknown is very remarkable and extraordinary. In 1870 an inquiry was made in England into monastic and conventual institutions, and it was stated that 131 missions or parishes were served by them there. They thus exercise cure of the souls of over 278,850 persons, and educate 1192 students and 92,260 poor children. The female religious orders educate 65,321 children in England, and in Scotland, 3710. They provide for 481 penitent women also.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES has been appointed patron of the Catholic press, and his spirit of combined zeal and meekness should in future animate the periodicals which, whether in Europe or America, are striving to fight the battle of faith in an age of skepticism and irreligion. The learned quarterly, the sprightly monthly, the chatty college hebdomadal, the weekly issue, with its lectures, items, locals, selected reading matter, and such like, the children's papers, and the other forms of the Catholic press, should all alike share the blessing of St. Francis, and strive to deserve it by the cultivation of his spirit.

THE progress of the Church is very remarkable in the city of Brooklyn. Fifty-four years ago there was not one hundred Catholics on Long Island, and to-day the children of the Church number 400,000 souls. In August, 1823, the first church, St. James's,—the present Cathedral,—was consecrated by Bishop Connelly, and now there are 91 churches under the jurisdiction of Bishop Loughlin. In other words, there are to-day as many churches on Long Island as there were Catholics fifty years ago.

St. Malachi's Church, East New York, was lately added to the number.

WE so frequently meet with items regarding the state of New England Catholicity, that we feel sure a work is being done there of no ordinary importance, and one that will cause no ordinary change in the religious and political condition of America. We see the old Puritanism dying out, we see a new race of Catholics settling the land, we see all the signs and symptoms of a great, although insensible, uprising, and we see also the progress of the Church welcomed, or at least not opposed. These signs indicate a great future for New England.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON, at last advices, retains a firm hold of the reins of power. He has changed some of his ministry, but it will be difficult for the new cabinet to work harmoniously. We are in good hopes that prudence will prevail, and that the efforts of the Radicals will not succeed in causing fresh strife. We earnestly hope that there will be no renewal in 1878 of the terrible scenes of 1852 or 1871.

WE notice that the new book of Mr. Sullivan, entitled *New Ireland*, has drawn forth many warm encomiums from both the Irish and the English press. It is likely to have a large circulation.

THE Sees of Kerry and of Ross have lately been filled.

THE Roman elections show that Catholics will soon be able to control the great cities

of Italy. Turin, Naples, Genoa, Venice, Florence, Bologna, Palermo will soon follow Rome, and at least Catholic education will be guarded, and some attempt made to check the ravages of the revolutionists.

MR. GLADSTONE'S visit to Ireland has terminated, and left speculation rife as to whether he intends to offer "a bid" to the Home Rule party, and endeavor to secure its allegiance in an effort to regain power once more, or the reverse.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EVIDENCES OF RELIGION. Louis Jouin, Priest of the Society of Jesus, Author of *Elementa Philosophiæ Moralis, Compendium Logicæ et Metaphysicæ, etc.* New York: P. O'Shea, 37 Barclay St. 1877.

Parallel with the growth of the Church and the dissemination of revealed truth, another and counter movement is progressing. Irreligion is spreading every day more and more. Human science, which should be the handmaid of religion, and whose every acquisition, when properly understood, becomes a witness to the truth of Christianity, is perverted, to a great extent, from its true object and end, and in the hands of many modern investigators of physical phenomena, is employed as an engine of attack against divine revelation. For the purpose both of meeting these attacks and of driving error from its strongholds, as well as with a view to guarding those who hold the true faith, but require that they answer the arguments of those with whom they are constantly brought into contact in society, it is very important that Catholic young men, who by their education and social position acquire influence with their fellow-citizens, should be well instructed not only in the teachings of the Church, but also in the motives of credibility which establish scientifically the truth of our holy religion. This, as the author of the work before us well says, will enable them, on the one hand, to avoid embracing principles in opposition to our faith, while, on the other, it will give them arms wherewith successfully to rebut the calumnies uttered against the Church.

Father Jouin's work is well calculated to subserve these important purposes. It is divided into two parts. In the first is shown "the necessity and existence of a revealed religion, which is none other than that which Jesus Christ preached; in the second, we shall prove that the Catholic Church is the only one which Christ founded on earth."

In the fulfilment of his plan the author not only lays down and proves the principles which, when clearly understood, suffice for the refutation of infidelity under all its protean aspects, but has also evidently had in view the peculiar forms which it has recently assumed. His discussions touch directly upon the "burning questions of the day," the origin of the universe, matter not self existing, the absurdity of an infinite series, the absurdity of pantheism, simplicity of the soul of man, the unreasonable assumptions of materialists, supernatural mysteries, miracles, the necessity of worship, the corruption of primitive traditions, scientific objections to the book of Genesis, chronology, the antiquity of man, geology, prehistoric times, the Messiah, the genuineness and authenticity of the Gospels, the Resurrection of Christ as attesting his divine mission.

In the second part the subjects treated of are the Divinity of Christ, figures by which the Church is expressed in the New Testament, institution of the Church as related in the Gospels, the Unity, Catholicity, Sanctity, and Apostolicity of the Church, the Roman Catholic Church alone has the properties of Christ's Church, the teaching authority of the Church, the Bible not sufficient to constitute the infallible teaching of the Church, Primacy of St. Peter, the successor of St. Peter in the Primacy, infallibility of the Pope as Head of the Church, relations of the Church and State.

The titles themselves of the subjects discussed show their great importance. The author's name and his well-known ability as demonstrated in his previous works are a sufficient guarantee of the high merits of the book before us. It is characterized by clearness of statement, closeness of argumentation, and thoroughness of treatment in all the subjects discussed. The style is lucid, forcible, and always pregnant with thought. To educated Catholics it will be a most valuable aid in furnishing with arguments to meet and refute, on grounds going to the

foundations of truth, the prevalent errors and sophisms of the day.

ANCIENT HISTORY. From the French by Rev. F. Gozean, S.J. Revised and corrected, with questions at the end of each chapter, by a pupil of Sisters of Notre Dame. First American edition. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1877.

The advent of the Messiah is the crowning event of history. All that preceded that event was but a preparation for it, all that follows it derives from it its true significance. In the little work before us, ancient history has been very properly made to conform to this division, or rather to briefly relating the history of the Oriental and Grecian peoples. It omits touching upon Roman history, except incidentally and in its connection with the peoples just named, for the reason that Roman history both preceded and followed the nativity of our Divine Lord.

Ancient history, therefore, as comprised in this compendium, is treated under the following heads: I. Egypt, from remotest times to the Conquest of Cambyses, King of the Persians, B. C. 525; II. Assyria and Babylon, from the foundation of Babylon and Nineveh to the taking of Babylon by Cyrus, B. C. 538; III. Media and Persia, from the origin of these states to the beginning of the Median wars, B. C. 500; IV. Phœnicia and Carthage, from the origin of the Phœnicians to the beginning of the Punic wars, B. C. 264; V. Greece, from the origin of the Greeks to the accession of Philip, King of Macedonia, B. C. 360; VI. Macedonia and the Empire of Alexander the Great, from the accession of Philip to the Battle of Ipsus, or the partition of the Empire of Alexander the Great, B. C. 301; VII. The states formed from the dismemberment of the Empire of Alexander the Great, or from the Battle of Ipsus to the Conquest of the Romans.

The treatment of the subjects comprised in this synopsis is happy. The narrative is concise, but clear, and the significance and mutual relations of the events recounted are as well brought out as the brevity and small compass of the book permitted.

The work has been evidently prepared with great care, and is of great value as a textbook in academies and schools.

CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE for academies and high schools. Intermediate No. III. St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1877.

We have so frequently referred in terms of high commendation to Father Müller's series of Catechisms, that farther notice of the one before us is unnecessary.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ALMANAC FOR THE UNITED STATES, for the year of our Lord 1878. Calculated for different parallels of latitude, and adapted for use throughout the country. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son.

The *Illustrated Catholic Family Almanac* has become a familiar work in all Catholic families. The number before us well maintains the high character that previous numbers deservedly won. In addition to the ordinary matter of almanacs, it contains a large amount of important information on ecclesiastical and historical subjects, and along with this a great variety of other attractive and interesting reading matter, including biographical sketches, sketches of famous churches, etc. The statistical tables are valuable. To add still more to its attractiveness, the almanac, as its title imports, abounds with illustrations.

NOTE.—In the "Table of Contents" of a few advance copies of the November number of the CATHOLIC RECORD, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly was erroneously credited with the authorship of the *Three Canticles of Divine Love*, by St. Francis of Assisium. The mistake occurred by a transposition of the types, Miss Donnelly being the author of the story immediately succeeding, entitled *Not of the Earth, Earthy*.—ED. CATHOLIC RECORD.